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THE APPROACH OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

A GOOD SCENT AND A GALLANT STEED.

Tune—"A wet sheet and a flowing sea."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A good scent, and a gallant steed,
A fox that is well found,
And breaks away at his best pace,
And heads the well-bred hounds.
And heads the well-bred hounds, my boys
While with the eagle's flight
We quickly leave the "Snobs" behind,
And soon are out of sight.

"O for a thin and easy fence!"
I heard a *slow one* cry;
But give to me the burning scent,
And raspers standing high:
And raspers standing high, my boys,
My good steed tight—then free—
The sport of sports is now our own,
And merry men are we.

What dash there's in yon streaming pack!
What speed there's in yon crowd!
And hark the music, Fox-hunters!
The hounds are wakening loud.
The hounds are wakening loud, my boys,
As into him they run;
And now "Who-whoop"—the chase is o'er,
And our day's sport is done!

London (New) Sporting Magazine for November, 1836.

AMERICAN ACTORS IN LONDON.

It is with the highest gratification that we are enabled to announce the complete and triumphant success of Mr. FORREST in London, as "the proud representative of Shakspeare's heroes." Mr. HILL, too, comes in for no inconsiderable share of the praise accorded to our "*native talent*" by the critics and frequenters of "Old Drury," as will be seen from the copious extracts subjoined. And RICE,—"a great creature in his line of life,"—determined not to be outdone by his more formidable rivals for the "golden opinions" of John Bull regarding Brother Jonathan, has incontinently *cut* the Surrey, and by "a cut above the vulgar," has made a tremendous hit at the Adelphi, on the same stage upon which poor CHARLES MATHEWS, whose star is now set, formerly shone with such lustrous effulgency.

Mr. Forrest's success is the more gratifying as it was the least anticipated. Up to our latest dates, he had appeared as *Othello* four times, and as *Lear* three nights consecutively. He was originally engaged by Mr. Willis Jones, (before it was known who would be the lessee of Drury-Lane this season,) for 30 nights, at 100*l*. per night,—to appear three times per week; but since his immense hit in Othello, he has been announced for "every evening until further notice." GEORGE H. HILL, the Yankee comedian, also plays on the same nights. We make the following extract from one of the Drury-Lane play-bills, sent us by an attentive countryman in London:—

"*The astounding effects produced by the unrivalled performance of* MR. "EDWIN FORREST *in Shakspeare's celebrated Tragedy of* OTHELLO, "*having placed him at the very head of his profession, and established him as* "*the most extraordinary Actor of Modern Times, and that play having been* "*received throughout with unprecedented enthusiasm, will be repeated this even*-"*ning*," etc.

It will be seen by our extracts that Mr. FORREST's success on the London boards exceeds any of his triumphs at home, and what is still more singular, his Shaksperian characters are pronounced, with a single dissenting voice, (The Examiner,) his best efforts. The theatre is nightly filled to overflowing, and he is now "*the* lion" of London. The other engagements of Bunn, the manager, have been postponed, in a great measure, including that of Mlle. DUVERNAY, the original "Maid of Cashmere" (in London). Macready, Charles Kemble, and Vandenhoff are playing at Covent Garden *together*, in opposition to Forrest at Drury-lane, notwithstanding which Forrest "keeps due onward to the Propontic and the Hellespont" of fame and fortune.

A private letter from one of the *highest authorities* on theatrical subjects, (STEPHEN PRICE, Esq.,) contains the annexed paragraph:—

"Forrest, on the 4th night of Othello, convinced me (an old Kean-ite, never moved in that faith for twenty years,) that in the third act he is superior to "the great representative of Shakspeare's characters." Forrest is a wonderful creature; how improved in five years! Still it was left for last night to fix him immovably with a London audience. He had excited them very much in Othello, and all the judges of acting—a most discriminating and respectable audience—were present. They were breathlessly attentive whenever he spoke, and the curse, (to my mind, as Forrest utters it, the most splendid abandonment to passion, without rant or break,) drew down the loudest and longest applause that I ever heard in a theatre; and it was renewed again and again. There were many expressions of nearly equal warmth at other parts of the play. At the end, an unanimous call brought him forward. His feelings at that moment must have been enviable; their cheers convinced him that he had obtained the great object at which he aimed—nothing could be more unanimously flattering to his ambition."

The following appeared among the news items of the London Morning Chronicle of the 29th Oct.;—

"Mr. Edwin Forrest, the recent *debutante* at Drury-Lane theatre, is possessed of considerable property, which he has amassed on the stage. He was comparatively unknown in his native country until brought forward by Mr. Kean, to represent Iago to his Othello, since which his career has been one of uniform success. He is also the proprietor of the New York Evening Post, the principal organ of the Jackson party. He has an estate in the neighborhood of New York. Mr. Forrest visited this country, we understand, about six months ago, when he made a tour on the Continent, but he returned to America without appearing at any theatre in Europe."

Upon the above paragraph "The Daily Times" of this city remarks to the following effect:—

"These statements are ludicrously incorrect. He is not, and never was, the proprietor of the Evening Post; that paper is not an organ of the Jackson party; Forrest has no estate near New York, and he never played with Kean at all. That he is very rich, and has travelled in Europe, are the only truths in the paragraph."

We have space for but a portion of the elaborate critiques of the London press, and have selected those subjoined at random from the files of London papers before us.

MR. FORREST's *Othello*.—If we observe that, since the days of Kean, we have had no actor capable of approaching his excellence, and that in many parts Mr. Forrest was equal, and in some few superior to that great tragedian, we shall have discharged all we desire to say on that point.

Mr Forrest's voice, action and figure, admirably adapt him for the part of Othello, which he performed throughout with great dignity of manner and depth of feeling. Having formed some slight conjectures as to Mr. Forrest's merits from his performance of the Gladiator, we confess we were unprepared to expect so much truth, earnestness, and power in his delineation of one of Shakspeare's greatest conceptions. He has evidently studied his original with a critical and searching mind, and not contenting himself with *points*, he has mastered the *character*.

In the address to the senate he gave two new readings of great propriety, and which may be considered a decided improvement upon the way in which the lines are ordinarily delivered. For example:—

Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace,
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field.
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In *speaking* for myself.

We do not recollect an instance where this was not read—

In speaking for *myself*.

The other reading was of still greater importance; it is in that passage where he describes the anxiety with which Desdemona used to listen to his recitals.

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found *good* means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart, &c.

The application of this emphasis to the charge brought against Othello by Brabantio of having employed magic art is obvious, and Mr. Forrest's manner of revealing it considerably enhanced its effect.

The first scene between Othello and Iago was played by Mr. Forrest in a subdued tone, to which our actors have not accustomed us. Slow to suspect, Othello hovers over the abyss before he takes the final plunge. Mr. Forrest embodied this view of the opening of the temptation with great skill. Through the terrible scenes that follow he rose to a height of grandeur which places him at the head of living actors in England. In one particular passage he drew down an expression of admiration, such as we have seldom before witnessed in a London theatre. The passage to which we allude is that beginning, or rather ending with—

I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon, &c.

The look of ghastly horror with which the utterance of this passage was accompanied electrified the audience, who rising in all parts of the house, continued for several minutes to greet the performer with most enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Forrest has had the good taste in, we believe, more than one instance to restore parts of the original text left out in the acted copies. In the following passage, occurring in the 4th scene of the 3d act, where Othello declares himself determined upon vengeance, the lines in Italics are restored by Mr. Forrest.

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps may change.
Oth. Never, Iago, *like to the Pontick sea,*
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent haste
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Shall swallow them up.

These lines were delivered with extraordinary vehemence and rapidity, the actor embodying that image of impulsive course in his action and articulation. Mr. Forrest introduced an innovation in the last scene of which we cannot altogether approve, although its immediate effect is probably striking and impressive; instead of entering the chamber of Desdemona with the light in his hand, he is discovered at an open casement, as if he had chosen that spot to ruminate upon the murder he was about to commit.

Atlas.

DRURY LANE.—The audience of the first night of Mr. Forrest's appearance in "The Gladiator," evidently thinking highly of his powers as an actor, and wishing to put them at once to the severest test, gave him a sort of friendly challenge to appear in one of Shakspeare's characters. He has answered the challenge promptly, and stood the test nobly. If we were slow to award him the highest honours of Tragedy, before we had seen enough to convince us that we ought to do so, the value of our praise, whatever it may be, will not be diminished by our giving it, as we do now, most heartily and most sincerely, after a deliberate conviction, formed upon sufficient grounds, that he has fairly won it. "Comparisons are odious," between living actors at all events, and as we feel them wholly unnecessary, we shall avoid them. We have tried Mr. Forrest's Othello by the part itself, and pronounce it, without hesitation, to be, in our judgment, one of the very best representations of one of Shakspeare's finest characters which it ever fell to our good fortune to see. To say that it is not faultless, is only to say that it is what nothing is—but, as a whole, we regard it as a histrionic effort of the first order. That Mr. Forrest has studied the part long and deeply, there can be no doubt; and the result proves most clearly that a healthy and vigorous intellect has been brought to bear upon such study. Others, perhaps, have given us fine readings of Othello, but no one that ever we saw so completely identified himself with the *man Othello*. We are the more willing to render Mr. Forrest this piece of justice, because it happened that we expressed a doubt last week about his power of delivering passages of domestic tenderness, a doubt which, in this magnificent but most domestic tragedy, he has entirely put to flight. In this respect, and it is a most important one, we think Mr. Forrest's Othello superior to the late Mr. Kean's. Mr. Kean drew a beautiful and touching picture of suffering; but Mr. Forrest is the living sufferer.—Mr. Kean's Othello was on a pedestal to be looked at, admired, and pitied—Mr. Forrest's is on a level with you—his griefs go direct to your heart, and at once awaken its best sympathies—Mr. Kean, in short, mourned over his misfortunes—Mr. Forrest writhes under them. The applause was loud and general from all parts of the house, to a performance to which we regret that limited space will not permit us to do more ample justice.

Athenæum.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Forrest's Othello (a part which he undertook last night) is certainly a fine, if not absolutely a first-rate, performance. He has here, necessarily and unavoidably, challenged comparison, and he must abide the consequence; this is an ordeal that every actor must go through when he attempts a known and a great part, and is ambitious of taking his stand as a principal tragedian.—Mr. Forrest has many, if not all, the physical requisites for such a character, and his mental qualifications are little inferior; he has figure, face, and voice, a good understanding, and an acute and clear perception of the meaning and intention of his author. His error lies in striving after too much—in being too ambitious to step out of the beaten track, and to avoid trite methods of giving effect to particular passages. He seizes upon a character with great vigor of intellect, holds it firmly to the last, and makes his representation generally consistent with his own correct notion of the mode in which it ought to be represented; but he makes too frequent efforts after novelty, and sometimes fails, (if we must use the word,) from the very desire to succeed beyond competitors or predecessors. He was loudly and deservedly applauded last night, from "'Tis better as it is," down to "smote him thus," but there were passages which induced the audience to pause and suspend their approbation while they weighed and decided upon the merit of a particular mode of delivery. We do not pretend to say that he was wrong, in some of the doubtful passages, but we will point out an instance, where we feel confident that he was mistaken. We allude to the scene at the close of Act IV., where Othello describes the magic origin of the handkerchief, and demands it of Desdemona. He is convinced that she has it not—he knows that Iago has told him that he saw Cassio wipe his beard with it; and yet Mr. Forrest addressed Desdemona as if he really believed she had it in her possession, and with an intermixture of fondness that was quite misplaced: —such was especially the case with the words—

—— "and take heed on't,
Make it a jewell like your precious eye,"

with a view, perhaps, in some degree to the contrast he contemplated in the passage immediately following—

"To lose or give 't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match."

Every body is aware that the great trial of an actor's powers in the part of Othello is the third act, and the two interviews between him and Iago. Here there is much to admire and little to blame. If anything, Mr. Forrest was somewhat too violent in one [illegible] his jealousy was dreadful and his passion awful. Nothing could be better than his delivery of the speech beginning, "Why, why is this?" with the exception of the false emphasis in the observation—

"Where virtue is these are more virtuous."

The emphasis here is upon "virtue," and not upon "is;" but this is a trifle that may be easily remedied. Mr. Forrest's attitude after the words "for others' uses" was perhaps too melo-dramatic; but when a man has a noble figure it is almost too much to complain that he shows it off to advantage. To revert to the commencement of the tragedy, we should say that Mr. Forrest elaborated the address to the senate more than was necessary or proper, considering the ample force which the author seems to have designed to give it. He thus rendered it too artificial, particularly when he pronounced the words "and found *good* means," as if it were intended there to protest against the "conjuration and mighty magic" which Brabantio had charged. There was, however, a dignity and an ease in his deportment, truly noble and characteristic. This excellence he preserved throughout. All his postures were picturesque, and generally unconstrained, as if his figure fell into them without previous study. He introduced some passages not usually recited; for instance, that about the "Pontic Sea," which he showed, by his delivery of it, ought never to be omitted. He was here and there triflingly imperfect in the text, but seldom to the injury of the metre, testifying thereby the correctness of his ear; thus in the second scene of Act II. he said, "The fountain from the which my current *springs*," instead of "runs." We object to the abreviation of the line—

"Patience, thou young, and rose-lipped cherubim,"

by converting "cherubim" into cherub, although it be more grammatically correct. The last scene of the tragedy presented several novelties, and we approved of nearly all of them. It was acted in anything but a commonplace style, and the death of Othello was not only new but most effective. After stabbing himself, Othello turned round with his back to the audience in order to reach the bed on which the body of Desdemona was lying, but his strength apparently failed him before he reached it, and he fell backwards at full length with his head towards the foot-lights. On the whole we may say that we never saw any actor for the first time in Othello who did so well or promised so much, when by practice he shall have subdued and harmonized parts which now are put forward too prominently. At the close, Mr. Forrest was called for by nearly all the voices in the theatre, but he contented himself with walking across the stage and bowing very gracefully and respectfully.

The other actors acquitted themselves with much ability. Warde's Iago, Cooper's Cassio, if not capital, are more than respectable; and Miss Taylor's Desdemona was nearly as good as any Desdemona we ever saw. Miss Huddart's Emilia was judicious; we approve of the plan of carrying her off the stage, instead of allowing her to lie awkwardly upon a sofa until the end of the tragedy.

The Times.

[The same article appeared in the Morning Chronicle.]

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Forrest appeared last night in the part of King Lear, a character of a nature so totally different from those in which he has hitherto appeared, that even if he had failed in producing effects as powerful as those which distinguished his preceding exertions, it would have been neither surprising to the audience, nor disparaging to his own great talents. The result has proved that he possesses, in a very eminent degree, that versatility of talent which is one of the most valuable qualifications of an actor. The part of Lear is one which many otherwise eminent actors have found above, or at least unsuited to, their capacities. Mr. Forrest played it decidedly better than any thing he has as yet essayed in this country. His conception of the character is accurate, and his execution was uncommonly powerful and effective. If it be, as it cannot be disputed that it is, a test of an actor's skill, that he is able to rivet the attention of the audience, and so to engage their thoughts and sympathies that they have not leisure even to applaud on the instant, he may be said to have succeeded most completely last night. From the beginning of the play to the end, it was obvious that he exercised this power over the spectators. While he was speaking profound silence prevailed, and it was not until he had concluded that the delight of the audience vented itself in loud applause. This was particularly remarkable in his delivery of Lear's curse upon his daughters, the effect of which was more powerful than anything that has lately been done upon the stage. It is not, however, upon particular passages that the excellence of the performance depended; its great merit was, that it was as a whole complete and finished. The spirit in which it began was equally sustained throughout, and, as a delineation of character and passion, it was natural, true, and vigorous in a very remarkable degree. The mad scenes were admirably played, and the last painful scene, so painful that it might well be dispensed with, was given with some power. The great fidelity with which the decrepitude of the aged monarch was portrayed, were not among the least meritorious parts of the performance. The palsied head and quivering limbs were so correctly given, as to prove that the actor's attention has been sedulously devoted to the attempt to make the performance as perfect as possible. A striking proof of his sense of the propriety of keeping up the illusion he had created, was manifested in his re-appearance, in obedience to the loud and general call of the audience, at the end of the tragedy. He came on, preserving the same tottering gait which he had maintained throughout, and bowed his thanks as much in the guise of Lear as he had acted in the drama. This would have been almost ridiculous in any but a very skilful actor; in him it served to prevent too sudden a dissipation of the dramatic illusion. The play was announced for repetition on Monday with universal approbation.—Mr. Bartley's performance of Kent deserves particular commendation. It is difficult to conceive how this part could be better or more naturally acted. The other characters were well sustained, and the whole performance was remarkably effective. (Dr. Maginn in the) Standard.

Mr. Forrest in *Lear*.—Shakspeare's King Lear was produced on Friday, Mr. Forrest playing the principal character. On this occasion, Nahum Tate's surreptitious act was discarded, and Shakspeare's given instead. We wish, whilst the work of restoration was about, that the whole of this noble play had been given to us; but in the present state of the company, perhaps "'tis better as it is." Mr. Forrest's delineation of Lear is a fair piece of acting; he imitates the senility of old age happily, but the dignity of tragedy, and the sublimity of poetry, are outraged by an imitation (although a good one) of *paralysis*, in scenes of passion. His renunciation of Cordelia was the first point responded to by his auditors, and in this, and his banishment of Kent, he deserved the plaudits he elicited. His scene with Goneril, in the first act—

"Why this is not Lear, does Lear walk thus, speak thus,"

was familiar even to flippancy; indeed, throughout the character, he indulged in colloquialisms unfitted for the expression of intense emotion; so apparent was this, that his question to Kent in the last scene,

"Who are you?"

caused a titter round the house. The celebrated curse was not given with the god-like denouncement of Kemble, or the fiendish energy of Kean; but it was effective, it sounded like the yell of hate, screamed forth by an expiring savage. In the celebrated speech—

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks,"

Mr. F. received great applause—we wish we could honestly say he deserved it. Lear does not defy the storm, he invokes it, as comparatively less cruel than his daughters; his is a passion not loud but deep. Mr. Forrest gave this wonderful speech in the same spirit that we presume he would have delivered Satan's address to the Sun. The fourth act was redeemed by some fine bursts of passion, but alternately disfigured by a levity of style only bearable in comedy. The lines following,

"Aye, every inch a king,"

were needlessly curtailed. This is fastidious delicacy. There is no immorality in Lear; and the passage in which he compares women to centaurs, is one of the most felicitous in the whole play. Towards the end of the 4th act Mr. F. marred his effect by dropping the high-toned dignity of the part; but, in the 5th, he rose with his subject. We were sorry to find that he omitted the 3d scene in which Lear, perfectly restored to his reason, says to his child—

"We, too, alone will sing, like birds i' the cage."

In the last scene he *dragged* in the body of Cordelia. We anticipated that he would have exerted his muscular power, and carried Cordelia as Kean did. This would have been more effective, and is not unnatural, for Lear's despair has given him preternatural strength. Mr. F.'s readings here were erroneous; he applies the line—

"And my poor fool is hanged,"

to Cordelia, and actually lifts the rope from her neck, to make his meaning more obvious. Lear is then enumerating all his friends that have been torn from him, and his mind wanders to the "poor fool" who tended him through storm and sorrow: not only is his daughter dead at his feet, but his "poor fool is hang'd" also. That this *is* the reading is proved by the words that follow—"No, no, no life!" The play very improperly ended with Lear's death, omitting the lines that reconcile every bosom to the catastrophe—

"Oh, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

Sunday Times.

YANKEE HILL IN LONDON.

Drury Lane.—We have this week to record the appearance of another American actor, of fair promise, on these boards, in the person of Mr. Hill, who had previously acquired considerable celebrity in all the principal American theatres, by his representation of "Yankee characters," a line of business that is somewhat synonymous to our Yorkshire country boys. We have hitherto been accustomed, not ill-naturedly, we trust, to confound every thing American by the general term of "Yankee," but this is quite a mistake. As in England, all rustics are not York, so in America, the same class are not all "Yankee." It is a distinct *caste*, peculiar to the State of Virginia, [!] and, like our Yorkshireman, is chiefly distinguished by shrewd cunning under the mask of simplicity. Mr. Hill made his debut before an English audience, in a farce called *The Yankee Pedlar*, which Mr. Bernard has so adapted to the English stage, as to render the main features of the principal part tolerably intelligible. At this moment we cannot call to recollection any character of our own drama, which bears sufficient similitude to it, as to afford room for comparison; but though wholly unacquainted with the original, we may imagine the portrait given by Mr. Hill to be a faithful one. The story of the piece runs thus:—Hiram Dodge, the pedlar, (Hill), arrives at the house of a Colonel Bantam (Bartley), a choleric Virginian, who entertains a most inveterate antipathy to the whole Yankee tribe, having been outjockied by one of them in some former dealings, Hiram's reception is, consequently, the reverse of friendly. He is ordered to decamp, or expect the contents of a loaded rifle; but the pedlar resolves to stay, and depends on his own ingenuity to trick the fiery old colonel into good humor. The latter is a great admirer and trainer of horses, and a race being on the tapis, in which he has entered one of his best bloods; a jockey arrives with a letter for the colonel, of which Hiram manages to get possession, and eventually induces the colonel to admit him not only to the interior of the house, but to the enjoyment of a well-stored larder likewise. The colonel has a daughter named Nancy (Miss Lee), who, like many other young ladies, has thought proper to fall in love without asking her father's permission. The young people, of course, have their stolen interviews, and, on one occasion, whilst waiting the arrival of his mistress, the colonel meets the lover, and with true Virginian hospitality, forces the young man into the house to have a chat, and something comfortable, in the shape of what we call a mutchkin of whiskey. Hiram's sagacity enables him to detect the true position of the parties; and he forthwith turns his knowledge to good advantage. He first takes a bribe to keep the lover's secret, and soon after accepts another from the colonel for disclosing it. The trick played on the jockey is, however, discovered, and the colonel to be revenged upon him for the cheat, gives Hiram a sealed note to one of his drivers, which entitles the bearer on presentation to a sound flagellation. Hiram suspects the sort of favor intended for him, and by a clever device he transfers it to the unlucky jockey, who receives the lashes *a posteriori*, and is thereby disabled for riding the important race, with anything like comfort to himself, or with advantage to his employer. The colonel, in despair, declares that whoever wins the race for him, shall be rewarded with the hand of his daughter. Hiram's ambition does not soar so high, but to escape the punishment due to his treachery, he imparts the joyful intelligence to the lover, who undertakes the task, and Hiram, to ensure success, engages to ride the antagonist's steed, throws himself off, and pretends that his neck is broken—and, finally, that he is dead. The lover is pronounced the victor,—the old colonel keeps his promise, and when informed of the part played by the pedlar, declares that he would give twenty dollars to restore him to life. This is with Hiram a potent spell; he appears without spot or blemish, and in high glee pockets the produce of his clever speculation. The piece is plentifully interlarded with local witticisms, and is altogether a very agreeable bit of broad comedy. Hill's acting was easy and natural, sufficiently comic to keep the risible muscles of his auditors in constant play, without any straining at effect. The Americans call him "little" Hill, and so he is; but his figure, though not colossal like Forrest's, is well formed, and his features are good and capable of the richest comic expression. Though he had not quite so much to do as we could have wished, he has certainly made a most favorable impression by his performance even of this trifling part. Bartley's Colonel Bantam was an exceedingly happy conception, and it was equally well embodied. In parts of this description Bartley has no rival. At the fall of the curtain there was an universal call for Hill, who came forward, and expressed his acknowledgments in modest, but appropriate terms. The farce was given out for repetition amidst loud plaudits. Sunday Times.

Drury-Lane.—One of the most curious and novel representations that our stage has seen, was exhibited last night in the performance of Mr. Hill, an American comic actor. Mr. Hill, it seems, has been extremely popular in America, for the humorous fidelity with which he has pourtrayed the characteristics of Yankees, a race whose peculiarities excite no small degree of mirth among the nephews and nieces of Uncle Sam. The sketches of the late Mr. Matthews, and the lucubrations of Major Downing and Colonel Crockett have given us some notion of the oddities of the Down-Easter's. Mr. Hill's personation furnishes a finished picture of the accuracy of which we have no reason to doubt, and of the whimsicality of which we readily bear witness to. The Yankees are said to be distinguished by a certain sleek, plausible cunning, great industry, some enterprise, a scanty and pliant honesty, a dialect which is not wholly unlike that of our own more eastern counties, and that humorous extravagance of speech which seems to pervade the lower classes of the United States. All these attributes are embodied in the Yankee pedlar, who is the hero of the slight one-act piece which was brought out last night for the purpose of introducing Mr. Hill to a London audience. Some of his conceits and phrases are irresistibly whimsical; the praises of his pedlar's wares—looking-glasses that you can see a mile deep in—Boston clocks which go all the days in the week except Sundays—razors so keen that if you only "ile 'em well," and put them under your pillow at night, you'll get up in the morning clean shaved, are among them. He boasts of eating pork and pudding enough to shingle a meeting-house, and describes a machine for making sausages, so cleverly constructed, that if you put a whole hog into it, one end produces ready-made sausages, and the other patent scrubbing-brushes. But the true merit of his acting is, that he gives a perfect picture of a very odd character very slightly, known on our stage, and proves that in that power of humor which is somewhat rare, and always highly attractive, he can fairly take his stand among the best low-comedy actors we possess. He was received with great applause, his jokes produced abundant laughter, and the audience seemed to relish the whim of the representation, that he can hardly fail to become a favorite. He was called for after the close of the piece, and his announcement of its repetition was received with universal approbation. Some more such importations as Mr. Forrest and Mr. Hill, and our dramatic freights to America will be brought much more directly under the reciprocity system than they have hitherto been. The Times.

Drury-Lane.—Last night an amusing trifle, called *The Yankee Pedlar*, introduced a Mr. Hill, a transatlantic brother to a London audience. The honest pedlar is full of Yankeeisms, colloquial, moral, and gesticulative, which lose none of their point in the hands of Mr. Hill. The new actor is of an agreeable appearance; he is slight in figure, with a particularly pleasant countenance, and a pleasant smile. As far as the very confined nature of the part allowed him, Mr. Hill displayed great humor and animal spirits. He was very cordially rereceived, and his agreeable address soon made him friends with the audience.—Being, according to the silly custom now obtaining, called on after the piece, he came forward and attempted to "improve" on the practice by making a speech, which, however, was not received in such a manner as to encourage a repetition of speechifying. The Courier.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—The entertainments at this theatre last night, besides *The Siege of Rochelle* and *Der Freischutz* (two full-grown operas—a musical repast more than sufficient for the most voracious appetite)), consisted of "a local and characteristic sketch, in one act, called *The Yankee Pedlar; or, Old Times in Virginia*." This is evidently a genuine American production; and and it served, too, to bring before the English public another American actor of merit, though of a class totally different from the great tragedian whose genius has exalted the dramatic reputation of his country. Of Mr. Hill's general capabilities as an actor, or of the extent of his range, his performance of last night can afford no idea; for his part was quite *sui generis*, and unlike anything known upon our stage. We have been enabled to form some notion of the Yankee character from the pages of Cooper and Washington Irving, and especially from the graphic and entertaining *Life of Colonel Crockett*; but the actual sight of a real live Yankee is something of a novelty, and Mr. Hill makes it as amusing as it is new. Some of his Yankeeisms were beyond our comprehension, but the picture altogether was delightfully quaint, humorous, and racy; and the audience showed their relish of it by incessant laughter and applause.—The plaudits at the end of the piece were prolonged till Mr. Hill made his appearance to make his acknowledgments, which he did (apparently after the American fashion) by a short address, somewhat confusedly and awkwardly delivered. A silent bow is easier and better. Morning Chronicle.

Drury-lane.—Mr. Hill, who has obtained "pretty considerable" celebrity in America by his droll performance of Yankee characters, last night submitted his pretensions to the approval of a London audience, who were highly amused with his quaint humour, and awarded him a hearty welcome and applauded his exertions as vehemently as the most ardent of his countrymen could desire; the audience seemed fully determined to prove how happy they were to acknowledge talent, from wherever it might come, and "went the whole hog" in expressing their approval of the "stranger's" talents. A new "local and characteristic sketch, in one act, entitled *The Yankee Pedlar; or Old Times in Virginia*," was prepared for Mr. Hill's appearance. It is from the ready pen of Mr. Bernard, and, as a *piece de circonstance*, merits commendation. Its leading incidents serve to portray the peculiarities of that portion of our Transatlantic brethren termed "Yankees," or in their expressive vocabulary, "Down Easters." Mr. Hill sustained in the piece the part of *Hiram Dodge*, a Yankee Pedlar, a counterpart of our "canny Yorkshire lad." Not finding a market for his razors, which he assured his customers if oiled, and put under the pillow at night, would astonish the buyer, who would find himself clean shaved when he awoke in the morning, he becomes successively a servant, confident, carpenter, and jockey, with a view to gain unappropriated dollars, and is at last brought upon the stage defunct, having been thrown from a horse in a race; he however, revives with alacrity upon hearing his *quondam* master exclaim he would give 100 dollars if he were alive again, and clenches the offer at the instant. The principal attraction and peculiarity of the performance was the quaint dry humour of the actor, and the many odd phrases and similies interspersed throughout the dialogue. At the conclusion of the piece Mr. Hill was liberally applauded by the audience, and called forward to receive the expression of their approbation. Globe.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—The arrival of *la jolie danseuse* Duvernay, who was announced to appear last night as Zelica, in the Maid of Cashmere, having been "retarded" by the bad weather, the Siege of Rochelle was substituted for Auber's above-named ballet opera. The novelty of the night was the Yankee Pedlar, a local and characteristic sketch, intended to delineate American manners as they are found to the East of the Potomac, the only *locale*, it appears, of the real Yankee. Mr. Hill, who made his first bow to an English audience as the Pedlar, has gained, we are told, "pretty considerable" fame in America, as an actor of such characters, and from the specimen of his abilities which he presented last night, we think justly so. He possesses a remarkably quiet and cunning countenance; his humor is also of the same order, making its way at once to the cachinatory organs of the audience, as was testified by the hearty laughter which attended him from his *entree* to his final exit. The piece chosen for Mr. Hill's debut is composed of the most slender materials; plot it has none; to make amends, however, for that, it is crowded with all sorts of the most laughable and irreconcileable absurdities. Colonel Bantam (Mr. Bartley) is a reg'lar Virginian, who refreshes himself in the morning with a glass as a "phlegm-cutter," followed by another as an "anti-fogmatic," a third of "hot toddy," a fourth of "gin-sling," a fifth as "a gum-tickler," and a sixth of "julep," as a cure-all. The Colonel has a mortal hatred to Yankee pedlars, who, he declares, vend nothing but red-flannel sausages and wooden nutmegs. Mr Bernard is the author of the trifle, and he appears to have taken close measure of Mr. Hill, for it was eminently successful. It might have been better, perhaps, had the actor had more to do; as it was, however, he ought to be perfectly satisfied with the cordial applause which was awarded to his performance. After the fall of the curtain, he was, according to custom, loudly called for, and, as we suppose is customary with actors on t'other side of the Atlantic, he favored the audience with a speech, which was as capital a bit of fun as his acting. There is not a doubt but Mr. Hill will continue highly popular for some time to come. Morning Advertiser.

Drury-Lane.—Our heart always warms to an American in England; still more to an American on the English stage. We went prepared to greet Mr. Hill with cordiality, and predisposed to be pleased. We need not have fostered a friendly feeling towards him. He had not been ten minutes on the boards ere he had deserved and commanded it from every man, woman, and child in an exceedingly cold, half-filled, chilly house. There is a *bonhommie* about the man which attaches one to him before one has had time to appreciate his original and very effective powers of humor. He was very diffident on his first appearance, and never perfectly gained confidence. His manner of mingling gravity and grins is irresistibly comical. "His smiles," aptly observes a brother critic, "are like fits of sunshine on a cloudy, windy day." A Yankee pedlar is a hybrid animal, of a class so thoroughly indigenous, that none but a Yankee of native acquaintance with its characters, could meetly personate its peculiarities. This, Mr. Hill, we rather imagine, did for the first time last night. He is a valuable addition to Mr. Bunn's corps. When called for at the close, his heart was evidently full. We have witnessed a "return thank" speech from a countryman of his, to which Mr. Hill's *uncalculating* and *heartfelt* incoherence presented an admirable contrast. The Sun.

A SMALL BIT YARN.

"There'll be downright yard-arm and yard-arm work next palaver meeting, I guess; Lord, how the Tories will yaw an' gather starn-way, when the commodore weighs from *Darrynane* harbor, and hangs out the signal for all captains to come on board for their sailing orders afore laying the enemies' fleet, off *St. Stephen's*, alongside.

"I'm blowed if he shouldn't hang out—'Ireland expects every man will do his duty,' and blaze away right and left at the hostile ports; they desarves it, case why the lubbers keeps no faith, an' always breaks truce when it advantages 'em! A few shells amongst the *churches* would do a tarnation deal of good: an' make clean decks there, knocking skulkers an' idlers out of the bread-room, an' giving their rations to such smart fellers as does the duty off-hand like. There's never no work got through when all's officers an' no sailors; besides, 'tis clane 'gainst rason and recknin', that the prize money, hooked out of salvation harbor dividends, should all run one way.

"We must rig up a round robin to the *admiral*, too, to lend a hand in swamping that 'ere barbarous an' brutal bus'ness of seizin' up fine fellows an' floggin' 'em to pieces; better blow a chap right away from a long 18, flash like, an' stop his grog on a suddint as they do in foronious parts. If the feller desarves whipcord, he's a disgrace to either services, so either ship him one way or t'other.

"Douse my glims, but its tarnation queer! Here's England so partikler 'bout civilizashin, scud ov hintellect, an' a smart coil up ov all moral rigging, that 'tis a considerable marvel how she keeps such savage work agoing at all. D—n deal ov washy talk an' vapor running down the wind in this world, that's all! No wonder the Mounseers jeer us, an' know the dead John Bull lobsters on a field of battle, by the thirteen *stripes* (not Yankee ones neither) on their bends an' back stays." Lomas's Land Log.

Varieties.

Poverty and Oysters.—Its a wery remarkable circumstance, Sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always seems to go together." "I don't understand you, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "What I mean, Sir," said Sam, "is, that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, Sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the streets lined vith 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's wery poor, he rushes out of his lodgings and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation." "To be sure he does." said Mr. Weller senior, "and its just the same vith pickled salmon!" "Those are two very remarkable facts, which never occurred to me before," said Mr. Pickwick; "the very first place we stop at, I'll make a note of them." The Pickwick Papers.

Misanthropy and Turnpike Trusts.—By this time they had reached the turnpike at Mile End; a profound silence prevailed, until they had got two or three miles further on, when Mr. Weller senior, turning suddenly to Mr. Pickwick, said—"Wery queer life, is a pike-keeper's, Sir." "A what?" said Mr. Pickwick. "A pike-keeper." "What do you mean by a pike-keeper?" inquired Mr. Peter Magnus. "The old 'un means a turnpike keeper, gen'lm'n," observed Mr. Weller, in explanation. "Oh," said Mr. Pickwick, "I see. Yes; very curious life. Very uncomfortable." "They're all on 'em men as has met with some disappointment in life," said Mr. Weller, senior. "Ay, ay?" said Mr. Pickwick. "Yes. Consequence of vich, they retires from the world, and shuts themselves up in pikes; partly with the view of being solitary, and partly to rewenge themselves on mankind, by takin' tolls." "Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "I never knew that before." "Fact, Sir," said Mr. Weller; "if they was gen'lm'n you'd call 'em misanthropes, but as it is they only takes to pike-keepin'." Ibid.

TO THE "ARCHER-BOY" OF 60—MY PET PALMERSTON.

Oft have I viewed thy youthful-proclaiming cheek,
And well-proportioned calves, with scorn intense,
Until I've longed to quote, with piercing shriek,
Macbeth's famed words—"unreal *mockeries* hence!"

Knightsbridge. Emma Murray Mills.

Vulgarity.—A man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks every thing that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill bred enough to do either, he does not care two pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and, whenever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savors strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighborhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man-gossip. Weekly True Sun.

REASON WHY WOMEN ARE WITHOUT BEARDS.

How wisely nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's chin to grow;
For how could she be shav'd whate'er the skill,
Whose tongue could never let the chin be still?

Married, on the 22d ult. (Saturday,) in Leixlip church, by Rev. Henry Stewart, William *Rainey*, Esq., of the Ordnance Survey, to Maria Therese Lawlor, of Leixlip:—

Her prospects are *fair*,
And devoid of dull care,
Whose Hymeneal blisses are rife;
But how is the bride
To such fair hopes allied,
When her prospect is *Rain-y* for life.

Qualification for a Town Councillor.—A Scotch candidate for municipal honors says,—"My conduct in the management of the *head inn*, for a number of years, I trust will be a *sufficient guarantee* for the performance of my duty as councillor.

At present, more than half the plays performed in the capitals of Prussia and Saxony are translations or adaptations from Shakspeare.

One of Cupid's Victims.—A young man, of one of the principal towns of the department of the Eure, became enamored of the daughter of a worthy man who kept a public-house in the outskirts of the town. The young woman returned his passion, and he was in the habit of visiting her secretly, gaining admittance into the house at night by putting his arm through a hole in the wall near the door, and opening the latch inside. Some days ago he went to the rendezvous, but being unable to open the door as usual, he contrived to get his head through the hole to ascertain what it was that opposed his entrance. To accomplish this, he was obliged to raise himself on a narrow ledge a short distance from the ground, resting on the points of his feet. There had been a great deal of rain, which rendered his footing slippery. He lost his hold, and in the morning was found a corpse, suspended by the neck. Galignani's Messenger.

EPIGRAM.

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckoned;
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick,
To go as Charles the Second.

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And unto Richard said—
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head.

A Tough Yarn.—An English paper gives a tough yarn spun by "a celebrated Admiral connected with the late Ministry." On an occasion while relating the history of a gale which he had encountered while convoying a squadron of merchantmen to Pondicherry, and which had proved fatal to one of the ships under his charge. "But the most extraordinary part of the whole," said he, "is, that the vessel, having been laden with hosiery, we observed all the porpoises next morning wearing red night-caps." One of his audience, determining not to be outdone, replied that that was by no means remarkable, for that a vessel he was in had, on a similar occasion, lost her main-topsail, and that next morning they saw a whale scudding along with the canvass tied round its neck by way of a cravat.

Life in a Lady's Pocket.—A lady purchased a quarter of tea at a grocer's in Fleet-street, London, and put it into her pocket. On proceeding a few paces from the door, she felt the tea bobbing and kicking at a furious rate in her pocket. She screamed out with terror, and was ready to sink in a swoon, when looking behind her, she perceived that she was dragging no less than 30 or 40 yards of twine, one end of which was attached to the parcel of tea in her pocket, the other end being snug in the twine box on the grocer's counter. The shopman had neglected to snap off the end after tying up the parcel.

Singular Occurrence.—On Monday, a young man named Meadowcroft, was married to a young woman, named Whitehead, of Broad-o'th'-lane. While making merry the same evening, the bride was taken ill, gave birth to a child, and both mother and child died in two hours after this occurrence.

Jarvey Morality.—A retired hackney-coachmam, giving an account of his life to a friend of mine, stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours in particular quarters of the town to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their addresses, he conveyed them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally handsomely rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered it their policy to be strictly honest. Walker's London

No Joke.—A young man, who represented himself as a surgeon, applied to the magistrates for a warrant under the following circumstances:—The applicant stated that he had been invited a few evenings ago to dine with some friends. After dinner they all drank pretty freely of wine, and becoming frolicsome, two of his *friends* threw him, the applicant, on the floor, where they held him, and poured so great a quantity of wine down his throat as to stupify him. Whilst thus intoxicated, and of course totally unable to assist himself, they shaved the hair from his head and sent him home. When he recovered his senses next morning, he was no less surprised than indignant at the shameful treatment he had experienced.—Here the applicant took a black silk handkerchief from his head and exhibited his bald pate to the magistrates, who concurred that a most shameful advantage had been taken of him, and questioned him as to any provocation he might have given. The applicant assured the bench that he gave no provocation, and that the assault had been made through fun or pure wantonness.—The magistrates immediately granted the warrant.

Advantage of a Companion.—During the season of heavy rains a farmer's wife sent her maid to a neighboring village on an errand, and scolded her on her return for staying so long. "Indeed," said the girl, whose clothes were dripping with wet, "you may be glad to see me at all, for the brook is so swollen that I missed my footing and fell in; and had it not been for Providence and another woman, I certainly should have been drowned. London and Paris Magazine.

Woman's Love.—How extremely chaste is the following aphorism, which Mr. James, the author of "The Gypsy," &c., introduces in one of the episodes of "The Desultory Man," his last new novel:—"Women are taught to keep their affection, like a rare gem, hidden from all eyes in the casket of their heart; and it is not till, by some mishap, the key is lost or stolen, that man finds what a treasure there is within!"

THE TURF.

A TREATISE ON THE CARE, TREATMENT, AND TRAINING OF THE ENGLISH RACE-HORSE. By R. DARVILL, Veterinary Surgeon, 7th Hussars. London. 8vo. 1832.

Among the conspicuous characters on the English turf of past and present days it is hard to say who stands foremost, but we suppose we must give the *pas* to the Duke of Cumberland, great uncle to his present Majesty, as the breeder, and to Mr. O'Kelly, as the fortunate possessor of Eclipse, and other horses whose character and fame have never yet been eclipsed. It will also be remembered that the Duke bred *Marsk* the sire of Eclipse; and *Herod*, who not only, like Eclipse, beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six years old, but transmitted a more numerous and better stock to posterity than any other horse ever did before, or has ever done since—amongst others Highflyer. From the death of Charles the Second till the period of the Duke's coming upon the turf, racing had languished, perhaps from want of more support from the crown and the higher aristocracy, and his Royal Highness was the man to revive it.

"But," as has been observed, "this was not effected without an immensity of expense, and an incredible succession of losses to the sharks, Greeks, and blacklegs of that time, by whom his Royal Highness was surrounded, and, of course, incessantly pillaged. Having, however, in the greatness of his mind, the military maxim of 'persevere and conquer,' he was not deterred from the object of his pursuit, till, having just become possessed of the best stock, best blood, and most numerous stud in the kingdom, beating his opponents at all points, he suddenly 'passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' an irreparable loss to the turf, and universally lamented by the kingdom at large."

One of the heaviest matches of former or of present days was run at Newmarket in 1764, between his Royal Highness's famous horse *King* Herod, as he was then called, and the late Duke of Grafton's Antinous, by Blank,—over the Beacon Course, for a thousand pounds aside, and won by Herod by half a neck. Upwards of a hundred thousand pounds were depending on this event, and the interest created by it was immense. His Royal Highness was likewise the founder of the Ascot race meeting, now allowed to be only second to Newmarket.

In point of judgment in racing, Mr. O'Kelly was undoubtedly the first man of his day; although, were he to appear at the present time, it is admitted that he would have a good deal to learn. For example, his suffering Eclipse to distance his horses for a bet would be considered the act of a novice. As a breeder, however, he became unequalled; and from the blood of his Volunteer and Dungannon, in particular, the turf derived signal advantage. Both were got by Eclipse, who was the sire of no less than one hundred and sixty winners, many of them the best racers of their day, such as Alexander and Meteor—the latter pre-eminent—Pot 8-o's, Soldier, Saltram, Mercury, Young Eclipse, &c. In 1793 Mr. O'Kelly advertised no less than forty-six in-foal mares for sale, chiefly by Volunteer and Dungannon, Eclipse being then dead, which fetched great prices, and were particularly sought after by his late Majesty, then deeply engaged on the turf. It is confidently asserted, that O'Kelly cleared £10,000 by the dam of Soldier, from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon; and his other mares, of which he had often fifty and upwards in his possession, were the source of immense gain.

As a breeder coeval with the Royal Duke and O'Kelly, the late Earl Grosvenor stands conspicuous. Indeed, we believe his Lordship's stud for many years of his life was unrivalled in Europe; but such are the expenses of a large breeding establishment, that, although he was known to have won £200,000 on the race-course, the balance was said to be against him at the last! Earl Grosvenor, however, was a great ornament to the English turf; he ran his horses honestly and truly, and supported the country races largely. His three famous stud horses were John Bull, Alexander, and Meteor, the two latter by Eclipse, and the two former perhaps the largest and noblest thorough-bred horses ever seen in England, and the sires of many good ones; but his two best *racers* were Meteora and Violante; the latter the best four-miler of her day. The Earl was the first patron of Stubbs, the horse painter, whose pencil may be said to have founded a new branch of the art in this country, on which the painters of the present day have improved, adhering more closely to nature than their exemplar. The late Duke of Bedford was likewise a great patron of the turf previously to his taking to farming, and had more than thirty horses in training at one time. Among these was Grey Diomed, remarkable for his races with Escape and Traveller at Newmarket; also Skyscraper, Fidget, and Dragon. His Grace was a great loser, and probably retired in disgust. Charles Fox was also deep in the mysteries of the turf, and a very heavy bettor. The father of the present Prince (the trainer) trained for him, and South and Chifney were his jockeys; but the distemper in his stables ruined his stud. These were also the days of the then Dukes of Kingston, Cleveland, Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Northumberland; Lords Rockingham, Bolingbroke, Chedworth, Barrymore, Ossory, Abingdon, and Foley; Messrs. Shafto, Wentworth, Panton, Smith Barry, Ralph Dutton, Wildman, Meynell, and Bullock, and others, who were running their thousand-guinea matches, and five hundred-guinea sweepstakes, most of them over the Beacon Course, and with the finest horses perhaps the world ever saw; and also, considering the difference in the value of money, for nearly as large stakes as those of present times, a few only excepted.

Another of the noted turf characters of those days was the Honorable Richard Vernon, commonly called Dick Vernon, owner of the famous horse Woodpecker, with whom he won the Craven stakes no less than three times. He was an excellent judge of racing, backed his horse freely, and was the best bettor of his day, as may be inferred from the following page of Holcroft's Memoirs:—

"In addition to matches, plates, and other modes of adventure, that of a *sweepstakes* had come into vogue; and the opportunity it gave to deep calculators to secure themselves from loss by *hedging* their bets, greatly multiplied the bettors, and gave uncommon animation to the sweepstakes mode. In one of these Captain Vernon had entered a colt, and as the prize to be obtained was great, the whole stable was on the alert. It was prophesied that the race would be a severe one; for, although the horses had none of them run before, they were all of the highest breed; that is, their sires and dams were in the first lists of fame. As was foreseen, the contest was indeed a severe one, for it could not be decided—*it was a dead heat*; but our colt was by no means among the first. Yet so adroit was Captain Vernon in hedging his bets, that if one of the two colts that made it a dead heat had beaten, our master would, on that occasion, have won ten thousand pounds: as it was, he lost nothing, nor would in any case have lost anything. In the language of the turf, *he stood ten thousand pounds to nothing*! A fact so extraordinary to ignorance, and so splendid to poverty," continues Holcroft, "could not pass through a mind like mine without making a strong impression, which the tales told by the boys of the sudden rise of gamblers, their empty pockets at night, and their hats full of guineas in the morning, only tended to increase."

And in truth it was not without its effect, for poor Holcroft began betting next morning, and before the week ended, half of his year's wages were gone! Another staunch hero of the turf was the late Earl of Clermont, the breeder of Trumpator, from whom were descended all the *ators* of after days, viz., Paynator, Venator, Spoliator, Drumator, Ploughator, Amator, Pacificator, &c. &c.; besides which, he was the sire of Sorcerer, Penelope, Tuneful, Chippenham, Orange-flower, his late Majesty's famous gelding Rebel, and several other first-rates. Lord C. also was a great contributor to the turf by bringing with him from Ireland the famous jockey, Dennis Fitzpatrick, son of one of his tenants. We have his Lordship, indeed, before us this moment, on his pony on the heath, and his string of long-tailed race-horses, reminding us of very early days.

The late Sir Charles Bunbury's ardor for the turf was conspicuous to his last hour. He was the only man that ever won the Derby and Oaks with the same horse, and he was the breeder of many of the first racers of his time—Smolensko among them. Sir Charles was likewise very instrumental in doing away with the four-mile races at Newmarket, and substituting shorter ones in their stead. Some imputed this to the worthy Baronet's humanity, whilst others, more correctly, we believe, were of opinion that short races better suited his favorite blood. The Whiskeys and Sorcerers, for example, are more celebrated for speed than for stoutness, although, where the produce from them has been crossed with some of our stout blood, (for instance, Truffle and Bourbon,) they have been found to run on. On the whole, Sir Charles, latterly, with the exception of Muley, had got into a soft sort. He was also a bad keeper of his young stock, and would not be beaten out of his old prejudices in favor of grass and paddocks. Had some persons we could name been possessed of his stud—imperfect, perhaps, as it might have been as far as the real object of breeding horses is at stake—they would have won every thing before them at the present distances and weights. His much talked of *and justly celebrated* Smolensko died rather early in life, and his stock, with a few exceptions, did not realize the hopes and expectations of the sporting world.

The name and exploits of the late Duke of Queensbury ("Old Q.") will never be forgotten by the sporting world, for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English turf. His horse Dash, by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle *over the six mile course at Newmarket* for one thousand guineas, having refused five hundred forfeit;[*] also his late Majesty's Don Quixote, the same distance and for the same sum; and, during the year, (1789,) he won two other thousand guinea matches, the last against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, *three times round "the round course*," or very nearly twelve miles! His carriage match, nineteen miles in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest bred ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of *genius* in its line. The MS. being inclosed in a cricket ball, and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe *within the time*. The Duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on the turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgment he had much reliance. But, in the language of the turf, his Grace was "wide awake," and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose—"Take it," said the Duke, "I will bear you harmless." When the horse came to the post, his Grace coolly observed. "This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself," when, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in racing attire, and mounting, won without a struggle.

The name of Wilson commands great respect on the turf, there being no less than three equally conspicuous and equally honorable sportsmen thus yclept. Mr. Christopher Wilson, now the father of the turf, and perpetual steward of Newmarket, resides at Beilby Grange, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, where he has a small but very fashionably bred stud, and is now the owner of Chateau Margaux and Comus. He is the only man who claims the honor of winning the Derby and St. Leger stakes the same year, *with the same horse*, which he did with Champion, by Pot-8-os, ridden in each race by Francis Buckle.[*] The turf is highly indebted to this gentleman, not only for his paternal care of its general interests and welfare, but for having, by his amiable and conciliatory manners and conduct, united the sportsmen of the north and of the south, and divested their matches and engagements of some disagreeable features which had previously been too prominent. Mr. R. Wilson resides at Bildeston, in Suffolk; is one of the largest breeders of racing stock, of which he has an annual sale; and Lord Berners, late Colonel Wilson of Didlington, near Brandon, Suffolk, has likewise some capital mares, and bred Sir Mark Wood's Camarine, the best mare of the present day. His Lordship was the owner of her sire, Juniper, now dead, and at present has the stud-horse Lamplighter.

The star of the race course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, 'nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit." He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trowsers, white silk stockings, aye, and we may add, his white, but handsome, face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two out-riders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race horses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of £40,000 at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. "The bowl of pleasure," said Johnson, "is poisoned by reflection on the cost," and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish is not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as an owner of race-horses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.

Among other leading sportsmen of the turf, now no more, were the late Duke of Grafton, and Douglas, Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Grafton was a keen sportsman, and an excellent judge of racing, and his horses having been well and honestly ridden by South, he was among the few great winners amongst great men. It is somewhat singular that the success of the Grafton stud may be traced to one mare, and therefore the history of her is worth relating. In 1756, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Panton, of great Newmarket fame—her pedigree running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, and the Byerly Turk, but, beyond the Lord Protector's White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees, to the Taffolet Barb, and the Natural Barb mare;—and at seven years old was put into the Duke's stud, and produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names (after the manner of fox-hounds) all begin with the letter P., the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realized to the Grafton family little short of £100,000. In fact, all breeders of race horses try for a stain of the justly celebrated Prunella. The all-graceful Hamilton (often called "Zeluco") was equally conspicuous in the North, and celebrated for stout blood. He won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf, and ran first for it the eighth, but the stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his Grace's rider having jostled.

Coming nearer to our own times, Sir Harry Vane Tempest and Mr. Robert Heathcote made great appearances with their studs, as well as the heavy engagements they entered into; and such horses as Schedoni, the property of the latter, and Hambletonian, Rolla, and Cockfighter, of the former, are very seldom produced. Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, also the property of Mr. Heathcote, was the sire of more good hunters than almost any other in England, and the very mention of their being "by Vivaldi," sold them. Hambletonian was one of the meteors of the day. Sir Frank Standish, and his Yellow mare—the breeder of Stamford, Eagle, Didelot, Parisot, and Archduke, all Derby and Oaks winners, except Stamford, one of the best of our stud horses—must not be passed unnoticed, not only as a sportsman, but as the true stamp of an English country gentleman. Sir Ferdinand Poole also cut a great figure on the turf with his Waxy, Worthy, Wowski, &c.; and could some of our present breeders of race-horses have now before their eyes *Maria*, by Herod, out of Lisette by Snap, and *Macaria* by Herod, out of Titania by Shakspeare, the one the dam of Waxy, and the other of Mealy, we have reason to believe they would turn away from many of their own mares in disgust. His contemporary, Mr. Howorth, was likewise strong in horses, and an excellent judge of making a book on a race. But Mr. Bullock, generally known as "Tom Bullock," was, we believe, more awake than any of them, and was often heard to declare, that he should wish for nothing more in this world than *to be taken for a fool at Newmarket*.

We find the Prince of Wales (George IV.,) in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, a winner of the Derby. In 1789, he accompanied the Duke of York to York races, where he purchased his famous horse Traveller, by Highflyer, which ran the grand match against the late Duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed, on which it is supposed there was more money depending than was ever before known, or has ever been heard of since. But it was in the years 1790 and 1791 that his late Majesty's stud was so conspicuous—the days of Baronet and Escape, the former notorious for winning the Ascot Oatlands, beating eighteen picked horses of England, with twenty to one against him; and the latter, for his various races against Grey Diomed, which caused his royal owner's retirement from Newmarket. This is now an old story; and though we should be among the first to say—

> "Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
> That dares not e'en to kings avow the truth,"

yet we think the Jockey Club dealt rather hardly by the young Prince, and he was quite right in refusing their invitation to return. We wish for proof before we condemn; and we think proof was wanting here. Where were the orders to the Jockey to lose, and where was the money won by losing?—We can hear of neither. But if the change in a horse's running (accounted for by the late Samuel Chifney, by the treatment of Escape) is of itself enough to damage the character of his owner, what would have become of that of his Royal Highness's principal accuser, the late Sir Charles Bunbury? Look at the running of his Eleanor: it was well known she was winner of both Derby and Oaks—the best mare of her day. Well! at Huntingdon she was beaten by a common plater, a mare called Two Shoes, *ten to one on Eleanor*. The next week, at Egham, she beat a first-rate race-horse, Bobadil, and several others, *ten to one on Bobadil*. In both these cases money was lost, and the question that follows is,—who won it? But Sir Charles too is in his grave, and therefore we say,—*requiescat in pace*.'

After quitting Newmarket, his late Majesty was a great supporter of country races, sending such horses as Knowsley, by Sir Peter, and others nearly as good, to run heats for plates; and he particularly patronized the meetings of Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite race-ground; where, divesting himself of the shackles of state, he appeared as a private gentleman, for several years in succession, an inmate of Lord Sherborne's family, and with the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his Majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable meetings—we believe we may say—in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses came in first, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

The stud of George the Fourth, however, was not altogether so successful as it ought to have been from the great expense bestowed upon it, and the large prices given for race-horses bred by other sportsmen. Amongst those of his own breeding, perhaps Whiskey, Manfred, and his favourite mare Maria, were the best. The latter was a great winner—yet made small amends for persevering in breeding from her sire. The Colonel and Fleur de Lis were also great winners—the latter decidedly the best mare of her year, either in the north or in the south, and her symmetry not to be excelled. The two last were purchased at very high prices, and now form part of the royal stud, as also does Maria. The history of this mare is worth notice. When, from prudential motives, the royal stud at Hampton Court was broken up, Waterloo and Belvoirina were the only two kept, and their produce was the said Maria. Miss Wasp, the dam of Vespa, late winner of the Oaks, was likewise bred by George IV.

In his Majesty's long career on the turf, he of course had several trainers and as many jockeys. Among the latter were the late celebrated Samuel Chifney, and South, who rode his horses at Newmarket, and afterwards, Richard Goodison and Robinson. Latterly, however, he imported one from the north, the well-known George Nelson, who gave him unbounded satisfaction. His trainers were Neale and Casborne, in former days; but latterly, William Edwards, of Newmarket, who enjoys a pension for life, and the use of the royal stables. The last time George the Fourth was at Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death; and so strong was the 'ruling passion' in this awful hour—and his Majesty was well aware his hour was come—that an express was sent to him *after every race*.

The late Duke of York was equally devoted to the turf; and, in 1816, we find his Royal Highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold, and, in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by Lord Durham, the latter by himself. His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Oatland stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred-guinea subscription. Indeed, we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late Majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before, excepting on two occasions. His Majesty won 17,000*l*. by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his Royal Highness's winnings; but the Duke of York was on the turf what the Duke of York was every where else—good humored, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill-fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his Royal Highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honor and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper In 1825, we find the Duke with sixteen horses to his name; and, with the exception of two, *a most sorry lot*; but previously to that period he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually ran in Mr. Greville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket, now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could for them.

The late Earl of Fitzwilliam was distinguished by the princely way in which he conducted his stud, and the magnificence of his retinue on the race-course.—His lordship was likewise the breeder of some eminent racers, amongst which were the justly famed Orville—an incalculable treasure to the British turf—and Mulatto, who beat Memnon, Fleur-de-Lis, Bedlamite, Tarrare, Non plus, Fanny Davis, Starch, Longwaist—in fact, all the best horses in the north; and ran second to Tarrare for the St. Leger. Earl Fitzwilliam never sent his horses south, but was a great supporter of York and Doncaster, and won the Fitzwilliam stakes at the latter place in 1826 with the horse we have just been speaking of.—He is got by Catton, also bred by his lordship, out of Desdemona by Orville—his own blood—grandam Fanny by Highflyer. The stud is now broken up.

The venerable Earl of Derby has been, and to a certain degree continues to be, a warm supporter of racing. Next, perhaps, to Eclipse and Herod, no horse that has ever appeared has been equal to Sir Peter Teazle as a stud horse—we believe he produced more winners than any other on record. In him were united the best blood which this country can boast of—King Herod, Blank, Snap, Regulus, and the Godolphin Arabian. As, however, the sun is not without its spots, Sir Peter was not without a blemish. His own legs gave way at 4 years old, and those of his produce were not on the average good; notwithstanding which, as we before stated, their winnings are without a parallel, barring those from the stock of the unparalleled Eclipse. The following anecdote is, we believe, authentic. Doctor Brandreth, the family physician at Knowsley, was commissioned by the then American consul to offer Lord Derby seven thousand guineas for Sir Peter Teazle, which his lordship refused, having, as he said, already refused ten. He certainly would have been a loser, had he accepted the offer.

The present Duke of Dorset, when Lord Sackville, not only showed himself an admirable judge of a race-horse, but few jockeys by profession could ride one better; and, indeed, at one period of his life, few of them were in much greater practice. His grace was always cautious in his engagements, but from his perfect knowledge of his horses, generally placed them winners. In the days of Expectation, Lucan, and others, he won all before him; but mark the change of the times! Looking into the Calendar for 1800, we find Expectation by Sir Peter, out of Zilia, by Eclipse, running four miles at Lewes, and beating two very stout mares, for what? Why, for the sum of sixty guineas, which could not pay the expenses! but then another of his horses, and a good one too—Laborie by Delpini—wins a 50*l*. plate the same year at Winchester. *The best of three four-mile heats!* Were the Duke of Dorset on the turf now, he would have something better to do with such horses as Expectation and Laborie!

The present Duke of Grafton has been a great winner, having inherited, with his domains, the virtues of old Prunella; but owes some of his success to his late brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose judgment in racing was equal to any man's. With the assistance then of Lord Henry, the training of Robson, and the good riding of the late Frank Buckle, John Day, William Clift, and others his grace has done very well; although, since the retirement of Robson, the honors of the turf have not poured in so thickly upon him. The duke, however, has no reason to complain, having won the Derby stakes four times, and the Oaks eight; and, as Buckle said of himself, 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' for a few years in succession. Indeed, unless we have made a mistake in our figures, his grace pocketed the comfortable sum of 13,000*l*. in the year 1825, from public stakes alone! But we must do the Duke of Grafton the justice to say, that in his stable he has marched with the times, *his horses having been always forward in their work*, the grand desideratum in a training stable. His grace also deserves success, for he is a nobleman of high character on the turf, unlike to many owners of race-horses, whom we could name, *always* runs to win. The Duke of Grafton's stable is, in consequence, heavily backed, when it brings out good horses for any of the great stakes.

The Duke of Portland has been a steady and ever honorable patron of the English turf, but his stud is now small. In fact, since winning the Derby with Tiresiais, in 1828, the tide of fortune appears to have turned against his stable, and he has done much. His grace of Rutland is likewise become slack, having had but three horses in training last year, two of which are sold. He won the Derby with Cadland (whom he bred), after a dead heat with the Colonel—a circumstance previously unknown for that great race—and the Oaks with Sorcery, and Medora. On the other hand, the Duke of Cleveland's passion for the turf appears to grow with his years, his grace being the best buyer of the present day. He gave 3500 guineas last year for Trustee, and Liverpool, and but a few years back, no less than 12,000*l*. for four horses, namely—Swiss Swab, Barefoot,[*] and Memnon, the two last winners of the St. Leger. for Mr. Watt. The Duke of Cleveland never won the St. Leger till 1831, with Chorister, nor was he ever winner of either of the great Epsom stakes; but in the days of Agonistes and Haphazard, his stable was the terror of the north, and his grace was a great winner of cups, though he afterwards flew at higher game. His match with Pavilion, against Col. Mellish's Sancho, at Newmarket, in 1806, was one of the greatest races of modern days, to the extent of betting; and immense sums were lost on Agonistes, when he was beat by Champion, for the St. Leger, in 1800. His grace has good horses in his stable now; amongst them Trustee,[†] and Emancipation[‡] by Whisker, who had the honor of receiving forfeit from Priam[§] in last (third) October meeting, receiving 9 lbs; likewise Muley Moloch, the winner of the York Derby stakes at the last Spring Meeting; and Liverpool, of the gold cup. The duke is one of the heaviest bettors on the turf, and few men know more of racing, or indeed of any thing relating to the sports of the turf or field. The Duke of Richmond has been one of the most zealous supporters of the turf, having expended a very large sum on the race-course at Goodwood, now the first country meeting in England, after Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster. Although his grace has been a considerable winner, he retires after this season, and his stud is already diminished. He won the Oaks, with Gulnare, in 1827, and has had quite his share of success.

The Lord of Exeter stands first of the Marquises on the turf. Until last year his lordship has been a *great* winner, and having carried the Oaks of last year with Galata, and many of the good things at Newmarket, and elsewhere, perhaps he had no reason to complain; but his stable has lately rather disappointed the public It consists of upwards of twenty-two horses. Lord Exteer has won the Oaks three times; but, somewhat extraordinary, he has never been a winner of the Derby. He breeds much from the famous stud-horse, Sultan, his own property, whose price, to others, is fifty guineas each mare. The Marquis of Westminster, although *very well bred for it*, never signalized himself on the turf, and has therefore wisely withdrawn from Newmarket, confining his stud, a very small one, to the provincial meetings in his own immediate neighborhood, where it is quite right for great lords to make the agreeable. We believe the last time his lordship was at head-quarters was to see his horse Navarino *win* the great Riddlesworth stakes! The Marquis of Conyngam is a sportsman, and backs his horses freely, as does the Marquis of Sligo; but as his lordship belongs to the sister kingdom—for the honor of old England, we presume, he is not often allowed to win He, however, has the distinction of being second for the St. Leger. Neither can much be said of the prowess of the most noble Marquises of Tavistock and Worcester, who, though good and honorable men, will never increase their patrimony by racing. In short, since the Duke of Cleveland has quitted their ranks, our Sporting Marquises, with the exception of Lord Exeter, do not shine on the race-course.

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[*] Dash carried 6 stone 7 pounds; Sir Peter 9 stone.

[*] It is remarkable that both Champion and Hambletonian had a hip down.

[*] *Swiss* and *Barefoot* will stand next season in Kentucky. Swiss was imported by F. B. OGDEN, Esq, Am. Consul at Liverpool, in 1834-5, and stood in Ky. last season. Barefoot was imported by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, into Mass. in 1828.

[†] *Trustee* was imported by Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, of N. J., and has been sold within a few weeks to WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., of this city, who will stand him next season on L. Island.

[‡] *Emancipation* was imported by Messrs. MERRITT, of Va., and stood last season at Charlotte C. H., where he remains the next.

[§] *Priam* was purchased by Messrs. MERRITT, of Va., for 3500 guineas, and not $4000, as we were made to say last week by the printer.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1836.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the arrival from Liverpool of two packets, the *Sheffield* and the *Europe*, THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES has received copious files of foreign papers, magazines, etc., to the latest dates, being the 10th from London, and one day later from Liverpool. Such a length of time has elapsed since the previous arrival of a foreign packet, that we have given up our columns almost exclusively to selections from the papers before us. On the first and second pages will be found several interesting criticisms upon the histrionic abilities of our countrymen, FORREST and HILL, that will be read by their friends here with unfeigned satisfaction.

The Sporting Magazines are rife with interest, but their articles extend to such a length that we are obliged to postpone this week several that we have marked for immediate insertion, in order to give our readers a variety. The New Sporting Magazine for November, after speaking rather ungenerously of *Priam*, whom "Lord Chesterfield has sold to an American gentleman for 3500 guineas," remarks as follows:—

"Brother Jonathan has now got Glencoe, Glaucus, Zinganee, and Priam, at a cost of nearly twelve thousand pounds! I heartily wish him success—he deserves it. (If we go on parting with our best horses in this way, how many years will elapse ere the English breeders will have to cross the Atlantic as buyers)?"

At the Second Newmarket October meeting, Col. Peel's *Slane*, 7st. (Pavis) beat Lord Chesterfield's *Hornsea*, 8st. 8lbs. in a canter, in a match for £200.

During the same meeting the house, racing stables, etc., of SAM CHIFNEY, the once unrivalled jockey, were sold by order of his assignees. During the last few years Chifney has been a "high-flyer," and in endeavoring to ape the manners of his masters, has "put his foot in it" The fitting up of his house at Newmarket alone, cost him £3000, and his furniture as much more. The whole of his property, exclusive of his blooded stock, fetched over £10,000.

NAT, the jockey, opened the October meeting with *Hock*, and finished like a gentleman with *Madeira*, winning both of his races in sporting style.

Chapeau d'Espagne, a 2 yr. old b. f., by Dr. Syntax, belonging to John Day, the trainer, and ridden by his son, young Sam Day, has come up a trump and no mistake.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the course was covered with *snow*, so that the Stewards were obliged to give orders to clear a track twelve yards wide all around. No serious accident happened, though the hacks in use on the course are said to have slipped every second step they took, and when standing appeared to be mounted on stilts, so firmly had the snow balled on their feet. An immense number of fashionables were in attendance, including Dukes, Earls, Lords, Baronets and their ladies, and many distinguished foreigners.

On the 2d day of this meeting a draft from Col. Peel's extensive stud was put up, and the following lots sold:—

Newlight	500 gs.	Luminary	250 gs.
The Professor	340	Castaside	100

The lots bought in consisted of—

Slane	1,180 gs.	Uncle Toby	290 gs.
Mr. Waggs	800	Zenana	240
Fantastic	460	Two yr. old by Augustus	200
Anvil	350	Guess	180
Arsenic	290	Three yr. old out of Garcia	120

In a Match for £300, half forfeit, Lord Jersey's *Bay Middleton* carrying 8st. 12lbs. (Robinson), beat Lord Exeter's *Muezzin*, (7st. 13lbs.) in a canter, by a length and a half. Odds, 10 to 1 on the winner, who could have given double the weight.

Lord Lichfield's *Elis*, in a Sweepstakes of 200*l*., 3 subs., ran a dead heat with Mr. Wagg's Muezzin, the 3d nomination getting beat by a length. The Stakes were divided, neither walking over.

The *Latest State of the Odds* on the Derby for 1837, is subjoined, from Bell's Life in London:—

The betting on the Derby was amazingly heavy last night, more business being done in one quarter of an hour than in all the three preceding days. Wintonian was backed to win upwards of 10,000*l*., Defender for nearly as much, and Sir M. Wood's Cetus colt for a large sum; Lord Stafford was also in great force with the Manchester division, and was backed in one or two instances as low as 25 to 1. Several outsiders were backed, the closing prices being—

5 to 1 agst.	Jereed and Flare-up (t)	20 to 1 agst.	Lord Stafford (t)
8½ to 1 —	Jereed (t)	33 to 1 —	Clifton (t)
8½ to 1 —	B. to Bay Middleton (t)	33 to 1 —	Miss Clifton (t)
11 to 1 —	Defender (t)	40 to 1 —	Norgrove (t)
16 to 1 —	Phantasima	40 to 1 —	Cartoon (t)
16 to 1 —	Flare-up (t)	40 to 1 —	Critic
16 to 1 —	Dardanelles	40 to 1 —	Sambo (Rosalia)
30 to 1 —	Wintonian (t)		

10 to 1 agst. Lord Chesterfield's Nomination.

This morning Defender was backed at 10 to 1, the same odds being afterwards offered. The course was well attended, the sport abundant, and the betting all against the fielders.

A singular circumstance occurred at the York October Meeting, (the particulars of which we shall give in our next,) in running for the Ladies' Plate, "Handicap Sweepstake of 5 sovs. each, with a superb Tea Service added by the Ladies of York and its vicinity." Previously to the start for the last (fourth) heat, Mr. Orton, the Judge, protested against the parties running, it being so dark that he felt it almost impossible to decide the race if it should come to a nice point: the parties, however, persisted in running it out, and Mr. Orton, finding that, from the length of ground between the Judge's Chair to the Post, he could not distinguish the horses' heads, got out of his Chair, and took his station in the middle of the course, opposite the Post, where he was able to decide the race to Mr. Osbaldiston's Whitefoot by half a neck. On Thursday morning Col. Thompson (the owner of Algiers, the second horse) preferred an objection to the decision, on the ground that the Judge was not in the Chair, which objection was investigated by the Stewards. Mr. Orton repeatedly declared that in the Chair he could not make any decision. The Stewards declared their opinion that the fourth heat must go for nothing, and Mr. Thompson consequently walked his horse over for the Plate on Thursday, Whitefoot being sent home. Mr. Osbaldiston is about to lay the case before the Jockey Club, on the ground that no objection was made until the day after the race, and that the Judge publicly declared his inability to decide the race, before starting, if in the Chair.

Lord Chesterfield has sold Priam, by Emilius, out of Cressida, by Whiskey, grandam Young Giantess, by Diomed, to Mr. Tattersall, for 3500gs. It is understood that he is purchased for America. London (Old) Sport. Mag. for Nov.

VETERINARY CASE.—CURE FOR A LOCKED JAW.—Amongst the horses exhibited at the West Suffolk Agricultural Show, held on the 30th of September, was a fine cart mare, the property of Colonel Rushbrooke, which was some time since seized with a locked jaw, and was perfectly cured by pouring cold water along the back from a watering-pot, without intermission for a considerable time, the application having been recommended by Mr. R. Cotton, V. S., of Westgate-street, Bury St. Edmunds. This cure is the first of its kind; and as the affection has hitherto been considered incurable, the above fact is of vital importance to all owners of cattle, and cannot be too generally made known.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.—At a recent meeting of the Stewards of the Jockey Club it was resolved, "that the person appointed to start the horses has authority to order the Jockeys to draw up in a line as far behind the Starting Post as he may think necessary; and that any Jockey disobeying the orders of the starter, or taking any unfair advantage, shall be liable to be fined in such sum, not exceeding £5 as the Steward of the Jockey Club may think fit to inflict."—It was also resolved, "that no horse shall be considered to be struck out of his engagement, unless the owner, or some person authorized by him, shall give notice to the Keeper of the Match-book, or to his Clerk, or to one of the Stewards present."

The gentlemen who frequent Rooke's Hotel, York, in admiration of the warm attachment ever evinced to the interests of York Races by that respectable Turfman, George Baker, Esq., of Elemore Hall, Durham, as well as to evince their great respect of him as a Sportsman and a gentleman, have purchased, by subscription, and affixed in the King William the Fourth's room in that Hotel, a proof print of his portrait, which is a most admirable likeness, after a painting by Hancock. The print is glazed and framed in genuine "Heart of Oak;" which may honestly be said to be very typical of the honored subject which it encloses.

STEEPLE CHACE.—As we anticipated, another match came off on Thursday last at Jackson's Grounds, resulting from the steeple-chace on the 27th, between the same horses Clown and Harlequin; the former rode by Capt. Beecher, and Harlequin by Mr. Thomas, of sporting celebrity. This was a race round the course of two miles: the friends of each horse, as well as their riders, backed them to a very large amount. Few suspecting Clown to possess racing as well as leaping qualities, odds were against him, but he soon proved himself a trump, and won with ease. He seems to be one of those that nothing comes amiss to. One or two matches more of minor interest came off, and the day's amusement terminated by a drag hunt; after which several of the subscribers dined together, and lots of matches were made.

"Gentlemen riders" at a steeple chase, we take to be persons not in the character of servants or professed Jockies; and if they are permitted to ride on the day without objection, and win, the owner of the horse is entitled to the stakes.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.

SIR—Reading in your paper of last week an article headed "The Maidenhead Trotting Challenge accepted," I beg to say no such proposal was made by me, for which I refer to your paper of the 16th of October. By that challenge I am ready to stand; but, as the cart-horse of the Brewer cannot, I think, trot more than nine miles in one hour, it is unlikely I should bind him to that pace; however, to accommodate Mr. Stacey, I will find another nag (not a cart horse) to trot the Nonpareil as proposed, 100 miles, or to do that distance against time—viz., ten hours. I am prepared to stake in your hands to either of the foregoing propositions, if you will consent to become stakeholder.

White Hart, Maidenhead. Yours, W. J. CANNON.

Mr. Claridge has sold his filly Aveline, by Jerry, 3 years, to Mr. Heseltine, for 50 guineas.

HOWDEN GREAT HORSE FAIR.—This celebrated Fair commenced on Monday, the 26th of September, previous to which many extensive purchases had been made of first-rate hunters and carriage horses. On Tuesday and Wednesday the town presented one dense mass of horses and men, and the competition was unprecedented. From London were observed Messrs. Dyson, Ellmore, Gibbs, Grays, Whinbush, Knight, and Harris (the great army contractor), who purchased very extensively; as well as several foreign dealers from Russia and Germany; and from the Midland and Western Counties the quantity of buyers were more numerous than usual. For every description of first-rate horses, as hunters or carriage-horses, very high prices were obtained, both as regards the breeders and graziers, from yearlings at £40, to aged horses of £150 and £250; and those of a secondary description sold well. It is admitted by the dealers, that this fair is indisputably the largest in the United Kingdom, and it will be found much to the advantage of the occupiers of a great proportion of land in the East Riding (particularly when the low price of corn is considered), if they would direct their attention to an extension of that breed of carriage horses which are now so well known and much admired both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent. As a proof that the breeders are directing their attention to this important matter, it is stated, we believe correctly, that one grazier in the neighborhood of Howden sold ten horses for 1000*l*.; and a respectable farmer sold two colts, the price averaging about 100 gs.

EQUESTRIANISM.—EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—On Monday, the 17th of October, Mr. Daniel, driver of the Northampton coach, rode a *single horse* from the Peacock, Islington, to the Angel in that town, against the "Telegraph Coach." The match was for 50*l*. a-side, between the rider and Lieut. Wellesley, of the 12th Lancers, quartered in Northampton Barracks. The parties left the Peacock at a quarter before six, and Mr. Daniel arrived at Northampton, amid the acclamations of a large concourse of people, one minute and a half earlier than his competitor! He baited at St. Alban's, Hockliffe, and Lathbury, and both horse and rider completed their great undertaking with apparently no serious fatigue. The coach was heavily laden and full of passengers, inside and out, yet it reached the town at its proper hour, a quarter before twelve, London time, and five minutes before twelve, Northampton time. Mr. Daniel was accompanied by Mr. Nash, of St. Alban's, and a large concourse of persons from the different towns through which he passed. He was overtaken by the coach at Hockliffe during his bait, but he soon regained the lead, and never saw it afterwards till its arrival at Northampton. Bets to a considerable amount depended on the accomplishment of this extraordinary feat of horsemanship. The horse was Mr. Daniel's own property.

Townsend and his two pupils will walk any three men in the world, from 20 to 60 miles; or the three will engage to walk 21 miles in three hours, seven miles each. Townsend will give young Burn a quarter of an hour start in 60 miles; or walk 60 miles and upwards against any competitor whatever. They will all be at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Thursday next.

ROUGH MUSIC.—A man named Brennan, living as a gardener with a gentleman of fortune, near East Dorking, was last week committed to take his trial for wounding seven persons with small shot from a gun which he discharged at them as they were serenading him with "rough music" for having beaten his wife.

BATTLE WITH A WOLF.—A sapper of the engineers, named Berthert, on furlough at St. Eloy, was recently crossing the river of Sombras with two horses, when, all at once, an enormous wolf rushed upon one of them, and fastened his teeth in the animal's collar, but was almost immediately forced to quit his hold by a vigorous blow from the handle of the rider's whip. The wolf once down, both the horses passed over his body; but the savage animal soon regained his footing, and unseated Berthert, who courageously defended himself with his whip and with a large piece of wood, which he was fortunately enabled to seize. After a long struggle the wolf was plunged into the water, and there finally dispatched by the resolute Berthert, who escaped without the slightest wound. The wolf weighed 128 lbs.

In a *grand battue*, last week, on the preserves of Lord Mostyn, at Pengwern, Flintshire, nearly 500 head of game were killed.

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER.—Lord Cranstoun and a large party have just left Ross hall, Sutherlandshire, where they have had a most successful campaign against the game, having bagged no less than 900 brace of grouse and black game, 89 of ptarmigan, 17 deer, and 43 roe. The hon. Misses Cranstoun and their female friends have also bagged 13 salmon.

On Friday morning last a noble stag was seen to cross the farm of Mr. John Roper, of Hollingbourn, who, being informed thereof, instantly mounted his hunter, and, with his harriers, followed in the direction of the deer. He found it in High Wood, Hollingbourn-hill, from which cover it broke in full view, daring its pursuers to the chase. He passed close by the mansion of Mr. B. D. Duppa, and then took nearly a direct line for Hucking, turning from thence to Long Tunwood, and on to Friningham, down the hill to Thurnham church; and thence under the hill to Debtling-street, through Horris-wood, by Newnham-court, to the side gate, Penenden-heath, and down the turnpike road to the Queen Anne gate, Maidstone, where he was headed. He then went back to Mr. Tyssen's lawn, and crossed the gardens and enclosures near the new gaol, and taking through the park of Mr. E. H. Lushington, made for the river Medway, and crossed it near Allington Castle. He then crossed Mr. Milner's park, for East Malling woods, which he dashed through, and came out upon Barming-heath to Barming, crossing the Medway near St. Helen's bridge, to East Farleigh, skirting the neighboring plantations, and then to West Farleigh. After crossing the river again, he was taken in a field, belonging to Mr. R. Miller, near Teston bridge, completely exhausted. The distance must have been between 20 and 30 miles, and the time about two hours and a half.

A cock partridge, perfectly white, was shot in Foxholes-field, Lincolnshire, last week, by George Taylor, gamekeeper to B. M. Osbaldiston, Esq., of Humanby.

A beautiful full-grown white hare was shot on Friday last, near Whatton, by James Dunn, Esq. It was preserved, and is now in the collection of Mr. John Huntington Dawson, of Newcastle.

ENORMOUS PIKE.—Last week the fish-ponds at Wingerworth were drawn off, when a pike was taken in one of them, weighing 25½lbs., which was presented to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. An immense quantity of fish of every description was caught, including a great number of eels of from 5lbs. to 10lbs. in weight.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A BEAK.—A slashing fight took place on Saturday week, at Carshalton, between William Snowwell and William Balls, of Kingston. Both were in tip top condition, and after fighting three quarters of an hour to the advantage of neither, a large dog of the bull breed made its way into the ring, and fastened on the leg of one of the combatants, and lacerated it in a frightful manner. Thus ended one of the most punishing fights ever seen in that quarter.

A few days since the veteran Townsend ran round the enclosure in St. James's Park, a distance of one mile and 700 yards, in 7½ minutes. He had eight minutes to accomplish the distance. The parties who backed time must have had a poor opinion of Townsend's running abilities. A son of Townsend, a boy scarcely 13 years of age, was backed to walk a mile against a youth named Slemen, aged 16; but the latter failing to come to the scratch, the veteran's son went over the ground in 9½ minutes. The boy can be backed to do the mile in 9¼ minutes.

On Monday last the race of one hundred and twenty yards took place on the Ashton New Road, between Jem Winterbottom, alias Sparrow, and Billy M'Levy, for £10 a-side, which was won by the former, beating his opponent about three yards; run in something less than thirteen seconds.

On the 15th inst. a bet was made between Captain Richardson and A. Butler, Esq., the former betting 10 to 1 against the latter's killing, from his own house, Faskally, Blair Athol, Perthshire, seven different sorts of game in one day. The further stipulations were, that red deer must be one of "the bag," and that the day must be declared before starting. The 21st was fixed on by Mr. Butler, which turned out very indifferently; notwithstanding which, he won as under, before three o'clock, by killing a red deer, roe deer, white hare, brown hare, grouse, pheasant, partridge, rabbit.

ANGLING.—Sir Charles Dalbiac on Thursday killed, in a stream belonging to the Duke of Roxburghe, near Kelso, seven salmon, weighing 106lbs., and grilse to the amount of 32lbs. Such excellent and successful sport we have seldom an opportunity of recording. The Duke of Roxburghe and several other gentlemen enjoyed sport very little inferior in different parts of the water.

A good deal of money was won upon the Northallerton Cup, in London, by "a knowing cove," who, having learned the result from the guard of the Northallerton coach, contrived to puzzle the flats.

HOW TO PAY ST. LEGER BETS.—Mr. Southern, a Yorkshire gentleman, was on Friday summoned to Bow-street by Mr. Price, a fishmonger in the Strand, for threatening to thrash him. It appeared that Mr. Price lost a bet of 100*l*. to 5*l*. to Mr. Southern, and brought him to London from Doncaster on a promise to pay; but having shuffled off, the threat in question was uttered in the shop. The magistrates said, if he had lost, he ought to pay; but as no breach of the peace had been committed, they refused to entertain the charge.

As lieutenant Hawdon was walking on Wednesday morning last on the New Road, near Morpeth Castle, a fine fox crossed within a short distance of him, pursued by a cur dog; the Lieutenant immediately gave chase, and after a short run, caught poor Reynard by the brush, and brought him home alive in triumph.

At Drury-Lane, on Friday night, *King Lear* was represented by Mr. Forrest. We were extremely well satisfied with the whole of his performance, and some scenes and passages were perhaps never better given since the days of John Kemble. We think it better even than *Othello*, although, considered from beginning to end, it is a part of great difficulty and hazard.

Mr. Charles Kemble will take his leave of the stage in the course of a month. We have heard that Mr C. Young intends to perform for Mr. Kemble's farewell benefit.

Theatrical report says that Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. H. Phillips are engaged for Covent-garden Theatre.

Paganini is about to pay another visit to England, accompanied by his pupil, Signor Leguani.

The Brighton theatre had very indifferent houses during the past week, and on Friday night (the evening their Majesties arrived), the gas was so wholly consumed by the various illuminations, that the house was left in total darkness, and there was no resource left for the company but to sing "God save the King," and return the money taken at the doors.

SURREY THEATRE.—A new piece, entitled *Oh Hush; or Life in New York*, has been produced at this theatre. Its principal merit consists in affording an opportunity to Mr. Rice, the American low comedian, to display his talents in exhibiting the characteristics of the lower order of negroes in New York, in which he succeeds to admiration, and thereby adds to his celebrity as the original singer of Jim Crow, now heard at the corner of every street, lane, or alley, in the metropolis. Mr. Gouffe, the rival of the Chimpanzee, is also performing at the Surrey, in a piece entitled *The Return of Perouse; or, The Chimpanzee in France*. The house overflows every night.

Mademoiselle Taglioni, who recently played in the *Bayadere*, at the Chateau de Compeigne, before the French Court, received from Louis Philippe, in testimony of his high satisfaction, a valuable sapphire encircled with diamonds at a clasp.

THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.—The remains of this distinguished writer and accomplished gentleman, who died on Wednesday week, were on Thursday deposited in the family vault at Kensington church, where likewise rest the ashes of his grandfather, Francis Colman, and of his father, George Colman. The funeral was quite private, according to the wishes of the deceased, "that it should be conducted with as little parade as possible." We stated in our last that Mr. Charles Kemble had succeeded Mr. Colman as dramatic censor for the stage; salary 500*l*. per annum.

The Lord Chamberlain has appointed Mr. Charles Kemble examiner of plays, tragedies, &c., in the room of Mr. George Coleman.

A singular and sad fatality seems to have attached itself to the Italian Opera during the past year. Bellini was followed by Malibran, and now Santini has died of a liver complaint. The intelligence of his death has just reached Paris.

Last week a family council met to deliberate upon the interests of young Wilfrid de Beriot, son of M. de Beriot and Madame Malibran, who, it is said, has left a fortune of 600,000 francs. Among the members of the council were M.M. Rossini, Adolphe Nourrit, Troupenas, Herz, and Schlesinger.

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?—A gentleman arrived one day in October at the Crown, the principal hotel in a fashionable watering place in an adjoining county (York), a short time before dinner; he wrote his name on a slip of paper, walked into the dining-room, and attached it to a roll next the head of the table. He then retired to dress. On his return the company were seated, and the chosen place occupied by another gentleman, whom he addressed thus:—"Sir, what right have you here?—you have taken my seat;" to which the other replied, that it was his seat by rotation. The new arriver exclaimed—"Sir, I have taken this place, and I shall sit there." "Indeed, Sir," said the waiter, "you cannot; you are the last comer, and must sit at the bottom of the table."—"Sir, I shall do no such thing. Call your master." The master came. "Sir," exclaimed the new arrival, "*your man* says I must sit at the bottom of the table!" "Yes Sir," replied the landlord, "it is the rule at all watering places; the last comer takes the bottom seat, and goes to the top by rotation." "*Sir, do you know who I am?*" "No, Sir." "Sir, I am the Right Honorable Ch——s T——n——n D'E——nc——t, one of his Majesty's Privy Council, and member for the borough of L——b——h." "I cannot help it, Sir; unless you were his Majesty himself, you cannot sit here." "Very well, Sir; very well, Sir; order my carriage instantly, and send for the horses from the Dragon." "Yes, Sir," said the host, and the Right Honorable Ch——s T——n——n D'E——nc——t, one of his Majesty's Privy Council, and M. P. for the borough of L——b——h, forthwith took his departure. Lincolnshire Chronicle.

MADAME MALIBRAN.—The application of Monsieur de Beriot for the remains of his deceased wife are as importunate as ever, and the proceedings of his cousin De Fiennes and the courier Witocq, are persevered in with unwearying patience. Another letter has been received from De Beriot, urging his request, by the Festival Committee, and it is said that applications are about to be made through a channel which cannot fail of effecting the desired object. Manchester Times.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."—The announcement of a new novel, entitled "Henrietta Temple, a Love Story," by the distinguished author of "Vivian Grey," is an event of interest in the literary and fashionable world. This writer was justly hailed, on his first appearance, as a master in his art. In the second series of "Vivian Grey," where he carried his hero into Germany, he was acknowledged to have been inspired with all the spirit of its romance. Combined with all the gaiety, the rapidity, and the variety of the first series, the continuation displayed a power of a much loftier order—his pathos was deeper—his pictures of society more finished—and his views of mankind and their affairs much more philosophical. The present story, we are informed, is a bold attempt to revive the sustained interest of the old plots, which, of late, have been merely superseded by mere strings of characters, connected with incidents. As specimens of the power and passion which are so much more maturely developed in the present work, the reader might be referred to the episodes of Violet Fane, and the adventures of the young Archduchess in the second series of "Vivian Grey."

Jacko, the ourang-outang of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, about whose indisposition so much public interest has been felt, died on Friday week. A Court mourning is expected.

Jacko, the defunct ourang-outang, has been succeeded in Paris by a dwarf of three feet high, of singular accomplishments, speaking five European languages; he is a good musician, and an excellent horseman. He was born not far from Trieste, and his intellects were fully developed at five years of age.

Mr. Day, the celebrated blacking-manufacturer, who died on Wednesday week, has by his will, bearing date immediately after the marriage of his daughter with Mr. H. Clagget, left to her a life interest of 4,000*l* a year, payable to her receipt alone, and 2,000*l*. to Mrs. Day. These sums to go in equal divisions, after their respective deaths, to his nephews and nieces, whom he has appointed residuary legatees to his estate, amounting to 450,000*l*. The business in Holborn is ordered to be sold.

It is a singular fact, that a flock of sheep in this neighborhood were struck blind on the night of the late brilliant display of the aurora borealis. They were bled next day, and thus had the use of their visual organs restored to them. If the circumstance is any thing more than a mere coincidence, it would seem to imply that sheep are very attentive observers of celestial phenomena. Fife Herald.

HORRIBLE INFANTICIDE.—A correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, of April 6, on the faith of a letter from Ahmednuggur, states the following horrible transaction:—It is distressing to relate, that, for these few days past, several native children have been missed from the Pettah of this place, and general report says, that a Rajpootnee of distinction, residing a few days' march from hence, and who has for some days past been in a dangerous state of illness, having been informed by her medical advisers that all endeavors to restore her would prove ineffectual, unless she consented to eat the heart and liver of twenty young children, at length acquiesced to the measure. Three days since (says my correspondent, whose letter is dated the 2d inst.) a child was found in the nullah, near this place, with the belly cut open, from which the heart and liver had been extracted. There are now two men confined in the bazaar guard, who have been taken up on suspicion of being connected with this horrible traffic. The inhabitants of Ahmednuggur are in such a state of trepidation, that their children are kept closely confined to their homes."

FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.—A few nights ago a man of Truel, in the Aveyron, went out with his wife to fish. Having placed themselves on the point of a steep rock overhanging the river, the man was in the act of throwing the net, when his wife, who was behind him, gave him a violent push and plunged him into the current, which was both deep and rapid. The man, however, notwithstanding the woman made every effort to prevent him, regained the shore. The wife has been arrested, and is committed to take her trial. She has confessed her intention of getting rid of her husband in consequence of his having ill-treated her.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Park Theatre.—[*From a Correspondent.*]—Monday evening saw the first performance of a new tragedy at this theatre, 'yclept "The Massacre, or the Malays' Revenge." It is said to be the production of Park Benjamin. It certainly avowed something of its own paternity, in its strong resemblance to the "*mess*" of Benjamin of old, and it may with much truth be said that "Benjamin's *mess*" was a greater "*mess*" than has been often concocted. It was cast with all the strength of which the theatre is possessed; and the male characters were well sustained. Mr. Chippendale, a Yorkshireman, four months only from England, and who never in his life heard the sound of a "full-blooded" Yankee's voice, was cast in the part of "Jotham Gam," a *Varmounter*. What a man could do at four days' notice, (with such a part, and an attack of the influenza to attend to,) he did. 'Twas bad enough of course. Fredericks, Richings, and Clarke were set down in the bills as brothers; but they must have come into the world under auspices differing widely each from the other. Clarke was *white*, Fredericks, the true Malay, *copper-color*, and Richings, as *brown* as a wharf rat. The rest of the characters rejoiced in the possession of copper-colored legs and arms and white faces. The scenery, however, was very beautiful. The "tag" at the conclusion was pronounced by Jotham Gam in his republican character, as he himself expressed it, "caucus fashion," *i. e.* he "put the question," whether he should continue to hold the office of Secretary of State to the Sultan of Menangcaboo, to the audience. The boxes said "No!" quite emphatically; the pit hesitated, but at last came out strongly in the affirmative. The house then proceeded to the discussion of La Bayadere, which was received with the usual applause.

Tuesday evening Miss Tree performed Marianne, in the Wife, and whatever may be said relative to her not being a very startling actress, there certainly is about her personation of this character an excessive perfection of style to which few can aspire. Every word tells; and those who have seen Miss Tree's bright eye, need not to be informed that every glance speaks.

Mr. Fredericks, for the first time at this house, played St. Pierre. He received much applause for every thing except his scene with Ferrardo—the confession scene. He was, from some cause unknown, nervous and hurried throughout that beautiful scene, and its effect was much diminished. He surprised the audience in the last scene by the quiet and beautiful manner in which he executed its narrative part, (after Ferrardo has wounded him,) and the absence of that harshness or effort which so often offends the ear in that scene.

A word for this gentleman. He opened at the Park in Virginius, because from the notorious want of female strength (previous to Miss Wheatley's engagement) in the company, he could do no better. It was very bad. He was discouraged, and his Carwin, the only part of importance which he afterwards attempted, was proportionably a failure. He, at the commencement of Miss Tree's engagement, played Jacques, in a manner that delighted everybody, and has now done himself much credit in St. Pierre. Let him have his due; circumstances have been unfair to him; let him have the encouragement which he seems beginning to merit, and we shall be rewarded by a corresponding improvement on his part. Merited praise is the vital breath of that susceptible compound, an actor.

National.—Celeste and the new Christmas pantomine of "The Devil and Tom Walker," are nightly filling this house to overflowing. The last time we were there, the wings and front of the stage were occupied by a crowd of boys, the overplus of the pit; the lobbies were also filled. Flynn & Willard, the managers, have advertised that proposals will be received by them for erecting their new theatre on Broadway, which is to be completed by the 4th of July.

John R. Scott, after a profitable tour, commences an engagement at this house on Wednesday, when the "Provost of Bruges" will be produced. This promising young tragedian will one day be a formidable rival of Forrest, and, with a single exception, is at the present moment superior, in his line, to any transatlantic star in the country.

Mr. Plumer, the principal vocalist of the National, who unites eminent histrionic abilities with uncommon musical attainments, prefers his claims to the consideration of the public, for the first time, on Friday next, which is set apart for his benefit. He is very deservedly a favorite, and we earnestly bespeak for him a strong muster of his admirers.

American Theatre, Bowery.—This theatre has arisen like a phœnix from the flames, having been completed very much larger than ever, and entirely fitted up in the space of fifty-four working days! Its doors will be thrown open to the public on Monday evening next. Among the members of the stock company are Miss Anne Waring, Miss Cushman, Mrs. Herring, Geo. Jones, Wm. Sefton, Kilner, Gates, Blakeley, Anderson, Edwin, etc.

Sporting Intelligence.

ECLIPSE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

Letters from New Orleans inform us that Capt. Oliver arrived early in the month, from Washington; his stable had been left at Natchez, until arrangements could be made for its reception. After a careful examination, the Captain has selected a fine plot of ground, "exactly to his mind," as the site of a new race course, which is to take the name forming the caption of this paragraph.

The Eclipse Course is situated (or will be) about 4½ miles from New Orleans, immediately on the line of the N. O. and Carrolton Rail Road. The cars run hourly, and for two *bitts* (25 cents) passengers are brought from the city in 15 minutes. Steamboats can also land passengers within 30 yards of the Course. The Levee road and a beautiful turnpike, macadamized with shells, run directly past the track,—so that what with the rail road and steamboats, the Course is as approachable as any perhaps in the Union. It is situated on the highest ground near New Orleans, and is susceptible of being made the best course for time in the country, with two exceptions—the Lafayette, (Augusta), and the Union, on Long Island.

The splendid Hotel erected by the Carrolton Rail Road Company, celebrated throughout the South for the excellence of its wines and dinners, is within 100 yards of the Course, where turfmen will find every accommodation. And here, let us remark on the highest authority, that several of the most prominent Southern turfmen have given Capt. Oliver assurances of their support, among whom we may name Col. Bingaman and Wm. J. Minor, Esq. of Natchez, Francis Routh, Esq. of St. Francisville, Col. Claiborne, and others. We make no doubt there will be a general attendance on the Eclipse Course, of all the crack stables from the neighboring States. By a private letter, an *on dit* has reached us that will astonish the natives of the race horse region at the South. James S. Garrison, Esq. of Norfolk, Va., *is on his way to New Orleans with all his stable!* It will be "dog eat dog" when *Bumper*, *Cippus*, *Bremo*, *Virginia Fairfield*, *Martha Washington*, *Glorvina*, and the other cracks which make up the strongest string that ever left the Old Dominion on a campaign, meet the high mettled racers of the sunny South.

The entire fixtures of the Course are under contract, and will be completed between the 1st and 10th of Feb. They were commenced on the 14th inst. [We are promised a lithographic sketch of the buildings, track, etc., immediately, and shall then be better able to give our readers some idea of Capt. O.'s project.] The stables are shaded over by live oak, magnolia, and orange trees! The track is already nearly inclosed with a strong plank fence, 10 feet high. The Public Stand is 300 feet long and 30 broad—covered: there are also several others. There is also a large building (50 feet square) erected for the Club room, Ladies' pavillion, and parlor, with Lunch Rooms, etc., attached.

The first meeting will take place about the second week in March, and the purses for 1, 2, 3, and 4 mile heats, will not be much less than *Four Thousand Dollars!* free for anything wearing horse hair! A programme of the meeting will appear in our advertising columns in the course of a few weeks. The Orleanois seem highly pleased with the prospect of a fine race track in the immediate vicinity of their city, and no doubt will patronise the sports of the turf with all the liberality for which they are characterized.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

The match between Col. Bingaman's Own Brother to Naked Truth, and Mr. Wm. J. Minor's Imported f. by Muley, for $2000 a-side, mile heats, is drawn. It was to come off in Feb., over the Pharsalia Course, Natchez.

The match, mile heats, for $1000 a-side, between a bay colt by Pacific, and an imported colt by Longwaist, owned by Messrs. Bingaman and Minor, is off, the Pacific colt being dead.

The match for $2000 a-side, mile heats, between *Plato* and *Go it-Jerry*, came off over the Plaquemine (La.) Course on the 1st Dec., and resulted as follows:—

John Pickett's b. h. *Plato*, by Bertrand, (dam not given,) 7 yrs.	1	1
Ferguson Duplantier's ch. g. *Go-it Jerry*, by Jerry, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs.	2	2

Time, 4.4—4:1. Weights, 110lbs. on each.

Hugh Carlin, Esq., of Alexandria, La., has purchased of Thos. Kirkman, Esq., his ch. f. *Extio*, by Leviathan, out of White Feathers, for $2500.

The Columbia (S. C.) Jockey Club Races commence next Tuesday, and in all probability, Bascomb, Miss Medley, Bill Austin, Lady Morgan and other cracks will be there to meet Bay Maria, Pomona and the own sister to Trifle. We trust Bascomb (Hickory John being lame) and Bay Maria will come together on the four mile day, for if Stewart brings that beautiful mare on the track in tip top condition, we should not like to bet two to one on the champion, though we presume such will be the current price. The mare that could run Post Boy up to a head in 7:52 when off her feed and feet, will prove the ugliest customer Bascomb ever encountered. If the course and weather are favorable, nd both horses are in condition, we *predict*—no, we wont predict—we "guess" there will be "pockets to let" at the finish.

A match, Two mile heats, $2000 a-side, has been concluded between *Dick Chin* and *Seagull*, to come off over the Alexandria Course, La., on the 1st of Feb., 1837—

Messrs. Wells name ch. c. *Dick Chin*, by Sumpter, dam by Orphan, 4 yrs.
Francis Henderson names *Seagull*, by Seagull, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.

Glencoe.—In the August number (issued in Nov.) of the N. York Sporting Magazine, the statement of this paper that Glencoe would stand next season at Florence, Ala., is contradicted in positive terms. Mr. Jackson, however, advertises him to stand there, and our special correspondent writes that Mr. Jackson assured him personally in Oct. that Glencoe would stand at his stable next season, as was originally stated in this paper. We make these remarks in justice to our correspondent, the authenticity of his statement having been rudely called in question.

Mr. Thomas J. Wells' b. f. *Wings*, by Bertrand, received forfeit in a match, mile heats, for $1000 a-side, over the Alexandria (La.) Course, from Col. Crane's b. c. *Corsair*, by Sir James, on the 12th Dec.

"*The Wood with the bark off!*"—Mumford Wells, Esq., has entered into an engagement to run a horse in his stable each day of the ensuing Opelousas (La.) Jockey Club Races, for an inside stake of $1000 on each, against the stable of John F. Miller, Esq., of New Orleans. This engagement is to continue in force *for five years!*

A sweepstakes, mile heats, with a subscription of $500 each, has been opened to come off over the Alexandria (La.) Course at the next Spring meeting, to which there are already two subs.

James H. Dawson names b. c. *Longitude*, by Leviathan, d. by Sir Archie, 2 ys.
Francis Henderson names b. f. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Stockholder, 2 ys.

LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

Batesville, (Arkansas), Dec. 6, 1836.

Dear P.—Benoni Stafford, residing a few miles from this place, on the day before yesterday killed *seven bears*—some of them *snorters*. On Friday, Capt. Bean and the Caldwells start—I accompany them. The way we are going to use up the *bruin* family will afford lots of items for the Spirit of the Times.

I had much fun at the Caddo races; Giles Scroggen kept my sides sore from laughter. He is a jewel. Giles divides mankind as follows, viz.:—quality, Bob Quality—commonality, rubbish and trash. The *quality* are those who have been well bred—they put up with whatever the landlord has, pay their bills without grumbling, throw a quarter to the servant, and depart satisfied.—The *Bob quality* always wear ruffled shirts, with the collars so stiff, that if they are struck hard on the top of their heads it cuts both their ears off: they bulge up to the tavern door—"Landlord have my horse rubbed and fed—set us out something to drink"—ask for such and such liquors, find fault with every thing, have their coats brushed, run their hands in their pockets, find they have no change, and put the servant off with promises: they inquire for some man in the neighborhood who was *once rich*, but is now *broken*—affect to have claims to a large amount on him—call for their horses, tell the landlord they will be absent for a few days—believe it possible they may remain longer, and therefore take their saddlebags, promising to settle their bills on their return, and put off never again to be seen by the unfortunate Bonniface. The *commonality* are what modern politicians style the "*bone and sinew.*" They take everything as it comes. If corn-bread and fat pork are set before them they eat and complain not: if it is fried chickens, tomatoes and flour doings, well and good. They pay their bills when they are presented and pass on smoothly and quietly. The *rubbish* always have a leader or king-bee; they tie their horses to the nearest thicket and march up in a body—spend their cash freely—run over town looking at every thing curious—go to a tavern—commence drinking—in a short time become noisy. The landlord says nothing, but takes the leader to one side, flatters him, and asks his interference. The king-bee then addresses them thus: "Come boys, no fuss; the landlord treats us well." This quells them, and they depart singing and smoking. The *trash* come on foot, generally with a little wallet on their backs—squat in the first chair—have nothing to say—watch the bar, and when they see a half-pint set out, slide softly up—raise the tumbler, smell of it—inquire if it is such a liquor, and take a real buck load—steal back to their chairs—repeat the operation on every favorable occasion, until they get their *fill*, when they put out.

The North licked up the South at the Caddo; but Barkman the proprietor licked us all up—a dollar a day for a man and fifty cents for his horse. Talk of long faces; you ought to have seen Sunday morning's settling up: pocket-books empty and cheap. He has the prettiest place in the world—2400 acres divided by a creek—soil so rich that the corn has to be gathered with ladders—lots of curly heads, plenty of pewter, owes no man, and has but two children—unfortunately they are *boys*. The Club there will not prosper. Old Jake set his coulter too digging at the start. The old lady is a screamer—she piles it up the right way, and when she believes strong in a nag, *wake snakes*.

Have you seen Noland & Tunstall's challenge. They propose running *Capt. Boone*, by Mormon, mile heats—*Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, two mile heats—*Charline*, by Pacific, 3 mile heats, for $1000 on each against any nags in the world. I believe they will be safe matches on their parts; for I know no man can afford to bring nags from the old States to run them for the sum of $1000 that are first rate, and I do not believe any other kind can win. Boone I think the best mile horse I ever saw. His sire, Mormon, was by Virginian. The blood of the dams of both Boone and Independence are unknown.

Shall I give you an Arkansas preacher's ideas of the heat of the *infernal regions?*—"My brethren, it is a hot place, a most tremendous hot place; there sits an old grey-headed sinner; if he were *there* a week and then brought back and thrown in a cauldron of boiling lead containing one hundred gallons, and that seven times heated, why he would *freeze to death in a minute!*"

Enough of my nonsense. If your proof reader and devil can make it out, and one of your many readers is forced into a hearty laugh, I shall be satisfied, so good night. Truly yours, N.

Note.—The challenge referred to by "N." (whom we sincerely congratulate upon the recovery of his health) is subjoined, from the "Arkansas Advocate," one of the most able papers in that State:—

A CHALLENGE.

The undersigned purpose to run the following matches, over the Batesville course, viz:

On the first Wednesday in May, b. g. Capt. Boone, by Mormon, 4 years old, mile heats, $ 1000 a side, half forfeit.

On the first Thursday in May, c. c. Independence, by Tom Fletcher, 3 years old, 2 mile heats, $ 1000 a side, half forfeit.

On the first Friday in May, b. f. Charline, by Pacific, 3 years old, 3 mile heats, $ 1000 a side, half forfeit.

The matches to be closed on or before the first day of March, 1837, and the forfeits deposited with Joseph H. Egner, Esq. of Batesville.

This challenge is not confined to the State of Arkansas—and though the sums named are small, we promise "*lots*" of bye betting.

C. F. M. NOLAND,
THOMAS T. TUNSTALL.

Little Rock, Ark. Nov. 29, 1836.

DICK CHIN AND SCARLETT'S MATCH FOR $13,000.

Our special correspondent writes that "all the world and his wife" were assembled at Alexandria on the 14th inst., to witness the splendid matches up for that and the subsequent day. Perhaps no match at the South ever excited more intense interest, than the one between Linnet and Coahoma, and that between Scarlett and Dick Chin. The *stakes* pending on the matches alone, amounted to *Thirty-Eight Thousand Five Hundred Dollars!* and the other bye-bets, in cotton, sugar, land and cash, probably swelled the amount to $200,000! Strangers from all parts of the country were assembled, and the beautiful town of Alexandria never presented a more gay and animated appearance. The cry was, "What's to be done with the people?" for every house and hotel was crowded like three in a bed, and a fourth in the middle.

Rapides Course, Alexandria, La., Dec. 16, 1836. Match, Three mile heats, $6000 a-side, $1000 bye, half forfeit.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *Dick Chin*, by Sumpter, dam by Orphan, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1
Perry & Thurston's ch. c. *Scarlett*, (late Splendid), by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs. 100lbs	2	2

Time 6:34—6:40. Track very heavy.

Scarlett had been the favorite for several months, and continued so up to the day of starting, at small odds, the owners of Dick Chin having announced to the public that he was out of order, and expressed an unwillingness to back him farther than the amount already laid out about him. The day and night previous to the match it rained incessantly, and of course the track was in a dreadful state; the weather, too, was cold and piercing to a degree.

About half-past 12 o'clock, the horses were brought on the ground. Dick was extremely lively, but too high for a bruising race; he wanted a three mile trial strain to get him in tip top condition. Scarlett seemed "done brown;" his eyes had lost their fire, and his action denoted general debility. He hardly looked like the same splendid race horse he was when he beat *Lauderdale* at St. Francisville, last year, in 5:45. Still Perry, his trainer, did not lost confidence in him, but reassured his friends by offering $2000 to $1500 on him.

Scarlett had the track, and at the word they got off with an even start. Moses, however, soon passed him, on Dick Chin, and after a single and desperate effort to recover his lost position in front, he "shut up," and lost the heat by about 30 yards.

The odds now veered about, and 100 to 20 was offered on Dick Chin, and few takers; the betting men seemed almost paralysed. Scarlett was no doubt entirely out of condition, for in the second heat Dick Chin had it all his own way.

Immediately after the race, Mr. John G. Perry offered to run *Scarlett* against *Dick Chin*, the same distance, for $10,000. When our correspondent wrote, the challenge had not been accepted.

Match between Linnet and Coahoma for $25,500!

Our special correspondent writes from Alexandria, La., that the town was filled with strangers to witness the match between these celebrated horses, that was to come off on that day. Immense sums were pending on the race, and the disappointment was general when it was announced that forfeit would be paid. Here is the record:—

Rapides Course, Alexandria, La., Dec. 15, 1836.—Messrs. Wells and Dawson's ch. f. *Linnet*, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs., received forfeit from Francis Henderson's b. c. *Coahoma*, by Mercury, dam by Oscar, in a match, mile heats, for $10,000 a-side, and $5,500 bye.

Our correspondent states that Coahoma let down about a week previous to the match, in a trial run, though on the evening previous to the day appointed to decide it, it was thought he would be started. On the morning of the race, about 11 o'clock, Mr. W. W. Gift, his trainer, declared publicly at the Planters' Hotel, that Coahoma would pay forfeit. Linnet was brought out on the course, and stripped. She was in fine condition, and will be backed by her owners against anything in the Union. Great credit is given Messrs. Morrison and Willmot, the proprietors, for their personal attention and the excellent state of the track, and fixtures.

The Alexandria (La.) Jockey Club Races were postponed until the 20th inst. They will be reported expressly for this paper; great sport was anticipated.

Sale of Capt. Stockton's Stud.

The readers of this paper will find enclosed in their several copies this week, an *Extra*, containing the pedigrees, etc., of this extensive stable of thorough-bred horses, which they are respectfully requested to read and circulate. The list embraces some of the most fashionable stock on the English or American Turf, and any aid in furtherance of its sale will be cheerfully acknowledged and reciprocated. Capt. Stockton retires from the prominent station he has long occupied on the Northern Turf (with so much honor and gratification to himself,) to the regret of every high minded and chivalrous turfite among us. It is said that "the Indian never can forget his blanket," and we indulge the hope that notwithstanding the burden of his official and other onerous duties, Capt. S. may still find leisure occasionally to gratify a taste and passion for thorough bred horses, which has ever characterized him. The American Turf is greatly indebted to his zeal and enterprise, and to his character and judgment; and in forwarding his views relative to a sale of his splendid stud, his contemporary breeders and turfmen cannot confer a favor upon a gentleman more entirely worthy of it.

The Foot Race at Augusta for $3000 a-side.

Again our prediction is verified! Perritt beat Day on the 17th, at Augusta, 6½ feet in the 50 yards. We predicted last week Perritt would win the match by a toe-nail, and offered to back him to the amount of his subscription to the Spirit of the Times. We could have been accommodated at the South, for it seems Day was the favorite, and the result "let in" the knowing ones. We *might* have whispered a word in their ears that would have saved them their pocket change, but "bought wit is the best in the world," and we "kept dark" until the expression of our humble opinion could not reach Augusta before the match was decided.

A few hours after our paper had gone to press last Friday, we received from an attentive and obliging correspondent the following letter by the *Express Mail*:—

Augusta, Ga. Dec. 17, 1836,

Dear Sir,—I presume that the earliest intelligence of the result of the *Great Foot Race* on the Lafayette Course, which came off to-day, between Perritt of this State, and Day, of Kentucky, will be worth the postage.

The match was for $3000 a-side. The Kentuckian is a fine figure, and was so much the favorite, that there was very little bye-betting. The knowing ones, however, were taken in, for Perritt won the race easily, beating Day 6½ feet in 50 yards.

Hickory John continues lame in his left hock. Should he recover, it is probable that he will visit you next Spring, when you will have the opportunity of seeing another *Bascomb*. Georgia can beat the world, either in bipeds or quadrupeds, and no mistake! Yours, &c., A. B. C.

SULTAN'S COLTS AND FILLIES.

Virginia, December 15, 1836.

Mr. Editor—In your No. of the 3d inst., in a little piece of mine which you were kind enough to publish, I remarked of the English stallion *Sultan*: "It must be stated, too, as a striking fact, that his fillies are better than his colts."—On this remark you comment as follows:—"We think D. Q. in error in stating that Sultan's fillies are better than his colts. *Bay Middleton* has not only won the Derby, but beat *Elis*, the winner of the St. Leger."—"Sultan's fillies that have proved winners, may numerically exceed his colts, though we doubt it; but when we name Bay Middleton, Glencoe, Ibrahim, Despot, Aurelius, Hectic, Vathek, Muezzin, and Rubicon, (and we could greatly enlarge the list), we think we have named enough to satisfy D. Q. of the untenability of his position."

Bay Middleton, it is true, has beaten Elis twice, once in the Spring, (one mile), a head, by the superior riding of his jockey, AS IS SAID, and once in October, one mile and a quarter; but on the latter occasion, it is almost impossible that Elis, after his extensive travels and frequent races, could have been as well prepared for a *short race* as Bay Middleton, who had been kept *fresh* some months for this race. I will take this occasion to correct a statement of one of your correspondents, that both Elis and *Bay Middleton* had run frequently *at two years old*;

which is true of the former, but not of *the latter, who did not start at all at that age.*

By reading the performances of Sultan's progeny, a strong impression had been made on my mind that his fillies were better than his colts. Perceiving, however, that you, sir, believed this impression erroneous, I have recently examined the grounds of my opinion, and I must add, as the result of this examination, a strengthened and clear conviction of the correctness of my assertion.—I have looked into Johnson's and Weatherby's Racing Calendars, from 1828 to 1835 inclusive, and state the result below. The races of the current year I have not examined, as the *sheet Calendars* only are out, *and not all of them*, and an examination of them would be both troublesome and incomplete.

I find, then, that his fillies exceed his colts in number, 30 fillies having won and twenty-eight colts. But this is far from being a good criterion.

I find, further, that his fillies have won £31,500 and two stakes; and his colts £30,000, four Cups, three Stakes, one Plate and the Whip. But this is also an uncertain and unsafe criterion.

I find of his first year's get, two fillies, Varna and Green Mantle, *first rates*, and no colts at all, that won.

The next year Augustus and Mahmoud, two very good colts, appeared, rather better than Shumla and Ipsala, the best fillies of that year.

Of the next year's get, three fillies, Circassian, Frederica, and Marmora, were *first rates*, and much superior to Hemas, the only colt of any note that appeared.

The next year, Galata, a *first rate* filly, appeared. She was superior to Beiram, and *much* superior to Byzantium and Spencer.

The year after, none of his get were very superior, Sir Robert and Despot were the best.

The following year, Glencoe was much superior to Zulima or any of the other fillies, which were not good.

And the last year, Ibrahim was perhaps better than Eva or any other. I mention only the best of both sexes.

In seven years, Varna, Green Mantle, Circassian, Frederica, Marmora, and Galata, were superior to any colts of their year; and Augustus, Mahmoud, Sir Robert, Despot, Glencoe, and Ibrahim, were better than the fillies of their year. I do not, however, think this view satisfactory or decisive.

In these seven years, his daughters won 127 times, and his sons 119½ times.—This is also an unsatisfactory view. But all these views together are worth something, and are rather *in favor of the fillies.*

Further: I think it will appear, that, as a GENERAL PROPOSITION, in Sultan's best years, his fillies were superior, and in his worst, his colts. If such be the fact, and I have no doubt of it, and it be true, that when his get were very superior, his fillies still shone with pre-eminent lustre; and his colts occupied the first place only when the whole of his get were mediocre, it is evident that the palm must be awarded to the fillies.

Again. During this period, if we look at the performance and character of his get, I think it must be admitted, that no six colts could be selected that were equal to Varna, Green Mantle, Marmora, Circassian, Frederica, and Galata.—If so, the question is settled.

I am therefore of the opinion, that my assertion that Sultan's fillies are better than his colts, is strictly and literally true. The assertion, however, might naturally enough have a more liberal and somewhat different meaning. Allow me to advert to a general proposition, which I believe to be true; that, *in England, colts are superior to fillies*, and to cite in evidence, not only the lighter weights usually imposed on fillies, but the further fact, that they seldom carry off the big prizes, as the Derby, St. Leger, &c. Now in view of this state of things, when I say that a horse's fillies are better than his colts, I mean not positively but comparatively; in other words, I mean that the rank of his fillies among fillies of their age, is higher than that of his colts among cotemporary colts. Examined in this respect, I am sure that Sultan's fillies exhibit a marked and decided superiority.

Varna and Green Mantle were the best of their year, unless possibly Lucetta was their equal.

Circassian, Frederica, and Marmora were equal to any of their year, except Camarine.

Galata was the best mare of her year.

On the other hand, Augusta and Mahmoud were inferior to Priam,* Emancipation, Birmingham, Little Red Rover, and others of their year.

Sir Robert, and Despot, were much inferior to Glaucus, Rockingham, Dangerous, Muley Moloch, Whale, and others.

Glencoe was equal to General Chasse, but inferior to Plenipo and Touchstone.

Ibrahim was inferior to Mundig, Hornsea, Sheet Anchor, and others.

The result is, that Sultan has had one filly, certainly the best of her year; two fillies equal to any of their year; and three fillies equal to any, one only excepted. Whereas his colts have ALWAYS HAD *several* BETTER *cotemporaries.* I do not, of course, speak of Bay Middleton that won the Derby, nor Destiny, that ran second for the Oaks this year.

Of the biggest three year old stakes, the Derby, the Oaks, and St. Leger, his fillies have won two Oaks, ran second three times, fourth once, &c. His colts have won one Derby and ran third twice. This view is also in favor of the fillies.

I therefore think that Sultan's fillies are actually and positively better than his colts, and if compared with the cotemporary colts and fillies, *the fillies exhibit a decided superiority.* Yours respectfully, D. Q.

P.S. Emilius's colts have won 130 times; his fillies 78 times. He has had two winners of the Derby and one that ran second; one winner of the Oaks, and three that ran 2nd; and one that ran second for the St. Leger, and one 4th.

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* Priam *beat* Augustus, giving him 16 lbs.

RACING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

VIRGINIA, December 16, 1836.

Mr. Editor—I saw in a late number of the Spirit of the Times, a remark of Mr. STEVENS', which was made without due consideration. He says the English "have, (with the exception of a few king's Plates), nearly or quite abolished" *heat* races. Out of curiosity I have looked into the last year's Calendar, (1835), and find a great number of heat races in England, and also in Ireland. I think the following will be found not far from the truth.

In Great Britain there were run King's Plates of heats	17	
Other races of heats	431	
	448	
In Ireland there were run King' Plates of heats	3	
Other races of heats	85	
	—	88
Total		536

And a very great proportion of these are *regular annual races.*

I am glad to see that the propositions of Mr. Stevens meet the favor of sportsmen. Something ought to be done to prevent the great injustice that is often witnessed on our race courses. I fear his plan is hardly simple enough, though it merits serious attention.

Henry Tonson's death I do not recollect to have seen mentioned in your paper. He died, I am informed, some weeks ago. Of the *four Tennessee brothers*, Monsieur Tonson is left alone to support the honors of the family.

Mr. McCargo intends to remove his training stable to Fredericksburg, Virginia. His experience and success in this business, will make him a formidable rival to the very best ones any where. The *old mare*, Sally Eubanks, trained in this stable, won six Jockey Club Purses this Fall without being beaten.

Capt. Claiborne has bought Col. Jeter's tavern, *race course*, &c., in Nottoway, Virginia. This favorite and delightful course will, it is thought, again look up in the world. The Captain has in his stable some promising young ones, that he is not afraid to run any where, or against any thing.

Respectfully, yours, &c., D. Q.

DEATH OF KOSCIUSKO.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 20th, 1836.

Sir,—You will please insert the following notice of the death of Kosciusko, by Archie, out of Lottery—raised by Col. SINGLETON, of South Carolina.

Kosciusko died at the residence of the Hon. JOHN WHITE, Richmond, Ky., July 15th, 1836. A SUBSCRIBER

CADDO (Arks.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, Nov. 20th, 1836.

Dear P.—I returned last night from the Caddo races. I found your paper of the 8th and 15th of October, and the 3d inst. In the latter I observe you and your devil have resolved, in *secret council*, that I fling a quill in the perfect "pot hook and hanger" style. All I can ask is, that henceforth and forever we get along as well as we can—you decyphering my hieroglyphics with all your skill and ability, and I occasionally nibbing my pen.

FIRST DAY, Nov. 22, 1836.—Purse $170, ent. $20, Mile heats. *Weights*—2 yr. olds, a feather—3 yrs. 80lbs.—4, 94—5, 106—6, 112—7 and upwards, 120; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs.

Elisha Mayfield's bl. h. *Black Hawk*, by Stockholder, 6 yrs	2	1	1
John Loring's b. h. *Cherokee*, by Cherokee, 4 yrs	3	2	2
Thos. T. Tunstall's b. g. *Capt. Boone*, by Mormon, 4 yrs	1	bolt.	

Time, 2:5—2:8—2.15.

Boone was the favorite at very large odds. He won the first heat under a hard pull, and bolted in the second, at the first turn. I think him as good a mile horse as Hard Heart.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $225, ent. $30, Two mile heats.

Thos. T. Tunstall's ch. c. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, 3 yrs	1	1
Jaret M'Carty's gr. m. *Penelope*, by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2	dis.
R. C. Hawkin's b. m. *Miss Martha*, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	dis.	

Time, 4:23—4:19½.

No contest. Martha amiss from her race at the Rock, and long training. Independence is a race horse in any country—the way he can pick up 25 and 26 feet like rats fighting. His rider, the "*Roman Senator*," had neither whip or spur.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $275, ent. $50, Three mile heats.

John Loring's b. h. *Sir William*, by Sir William, aged	1	1
Wm. Lockert's s. c. *Hard Oak*, by Tennesseean, 3 yrs	2	2
R. C. Hawkin's br. h. *Uncas*, by Desha's Roanoke, aged	3	dis.

Time, 6:50—6:47.

Uncas the favorite. Like Martha he was sadly amiss. They could never put Sir William up. Hard Oak is a fine 3 year old, and next year he will be troublesome. Charline was sick or she would have started. Hawkins stood his defeat like a Georgia major, though the way big drops rolled off him bespoke sad disappointment. Poor old Lewis, the trainer, and Billy Draper, the rider, shed the briny drops freely. In haste, yours, &c. N.

VALUABLE WATER PRIVILEGES.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone." A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better, and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realize" by slow and sure degrees; but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever!

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl street. You must recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought toys and marbles from him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar visage lighted up with a smile as you paid him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he used to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate, and having understood that most of his neighbors had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly became dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in earnest. No sooner said than done: and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterward attended a most extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth, and square, and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculaters—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer, "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them!"

"One hundred each," said a bystander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer, "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—fifty—gone! Mr. H. they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham street, and he determined to buy and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed round the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title unexceptionable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there was no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"*Qui, monsieur*, I will give you von hundred dollar a piece, for de lot vid de valuarble vatare privilege; *c'est ça.*"

"Only one hundred a piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one huudred—going—going—going—gone."

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"*Pardonnez moi, monsieur*," said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall *excusez moi* if I shall go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make every ting sure wid respec to de lot vid de valuarble vatare privilege. Von leetle bird in de hand he vorth two in de tree, *c'est vrai*—eh?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Vell den, *allons.*"

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots, as uniform as possible, and his little gray eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his senses since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Everything on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an arm of the East river running quite into the land which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and, being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, *c'est bien*, dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuarble vatare privilege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to *get into my boat I will row you out to them!*"

"Vat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible at low tide. When this part of the East river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; *and are now all under water!*"

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he looked at the sky—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and gazed at them all over again! There was his ground, sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff, and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having, "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears;" and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into the gig, and returned to the auctioneer in all possible haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction-room—his horse in a foam, and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking a cigar after the labors of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin you, *chez vous*, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de gran lot vot you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, Monsieur, but I do not like it at all."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dare is no *ground* at all—de ground is all vartare."

"You joke."

"I do not joke. I nevare joke; *Je n'entends pas raillerie.* Sare, *voulez vous* have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay?"

"Certainly not."

"Den vill you be so good as to take de East river off de top of my lot?"

"That's your business, sir, not mine."

"Den I make von *mauraise affaire*—von gran mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown away your money in the *land.*"

"No, sare; but I have trow it away in de *rivare!*"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of *de l'argent.*"

"Holloo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my office."

"Vare shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You cheat me out of all de dollar vot I make in Chatham-street; but I vill not go to de devil for all that. I vish you may go to de devil yourself, you dem yankee doodell, and I vill go and drown myself, *tout de suite*, right away."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy."

"Ah, *miséricorde!* Ah, *mon Dieu! je suis abîmé.* I am ruin! I am done up! I am break into ten sousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuarble vartare privilege dat is left me *à present!*"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as pennyless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East river to the Wallabout, and farmer J****** will *row him out* to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water!*

Mirror of to-day.

ANECDOTE OF THE WEST.—*Mr. Editor:* Amidst the stories told, recommendations produced, and lies fabricated, the rustling of maps, paper, money, mortgages, deeds, and liens, the chinking of specie, and the *conclatteration* of tongues in the West, many things are said and done that should be "pencilled by the way" and printed. Among the multitude of sellers of land, each has his maps, his marks, and remarks. One says in the city of Spiritville many houses are put up except the roofs, and two meeting houses are in contemplation next year. The rail road from the city of Dan to Bersbeba, which is about being run out, will immediately into it and stop, &c. Another says in the city of Liesnbeground, the influx is so great that most of the inhabitants live the three first months under a blanket out of doors, with four fires on each side to keep off the musquetoes! The river Frightful runs directly back of the only store in town, where large wharves will be made as soon as there is time to build more stores, and four steamboats will come up the river in a short time. There is also a large mill built of two runs of stone, and water sufficient to carry all the mills in Arkansas. Another says, in the city of Betweenity, (for they are all cities) advantages are presented that are much more than meet the eye—they are rare and particular.—This city lies on the great national road between the cities of Tweedle dum and Tweedle dee, it being just fourteen miles and a quarter each way to either city.—This road, it must be observed, is travelled by all the inhabitants of the territory except the wild beasts, (and they are within shooting distance) is the highway of the Saganaw, Pequot, and Talahassee Indians, noted for their cleanliness and perception! Twelve railroads stop in it, between the Court House and the Ladies Seminary, which will be built shortly! I will not go further in this ironical strain. I will only mention one anecdote and close. A fellow who had observed all the sellers of land, and had seen all the canals, railroads, &c., which had been built, *on paper*, brought a noble cow to one of the great land markets to sell. He placed her by the side of one of the land offices, and offered her for sale. "What is your price?" asked one. "It is sixty dollars," he answered. "Sixty thunders!" vociferated an astonished countryman, "why is she so much?"

"Here is a map of her," said the fellow, pulling a paper with a large cow painted on it from out his breeches pocket, and he continued, "You see here the great Wild-cat Turnpike runs immediately under her tail to the city of the swamps. Loon Lake Canal will intersect her head on the top horn side, and the Cataract rail road passes directly through her! Gentlemen don't all speak at once." And, Mr. Editor, lest I might be called guilty of setting my friends uneasy to go West, I will subscribe myself, Yours truly, A. HOOSHER.

A MUSICAL DOG.—There are many extraordinary anecdotes of the capabilities and qualities of this noble animal, but none that we have met with draw more largely upon our credulity than the following from the Boston Evening Journal, of Thursday last. The feats here spoken of were performed the week previous.

This dog has been taught by his master a variety of amusing tricks. Among others, he will at his master's bidding, select from a pile of various articles, and bring a deposite at his master's feet, any one which he is told, thus proving that he has more general knowledge of human language than is usually enjoyed by brutes. He will also dance to music, and perform with grace, either a waltz or a solo, according to request; if the former, he will seize his tail in his mouth, and perform various evolutions until the music ceases. If a solo is requested, he will rear himself upon his hind legs and perform the double shuffle. The latest trick taught this animal, is to sit upright and produce a harmony on a harp by drawing one of his fore paws across the strings. The dog proved a more tractable scholar in learning this, than in either of the other accomplishments. One afternoon last week, the master, while on the point of entering his room, was astonished at hearing the sound of a harp. He had the curiosity before opening the door, to look through the key hole, and endeavour to ascertain who was practising upon the harp. There, to his great astonishment, sat Fido, amusing himself by rehearsing his morning lesson upon the instrument. Several people were immediately called, and saw the dog, sitting in the position in which he had been taught, and performing for nearly ten minutes upon the harp!

Mr. Jesse, in his delightful "Angler's Rambles," asserts that it is not the fault of fishing, but of the fishermen, if angling is ever a cruel sport; and he mentions his own practice, which ought to be universal:—"I never fish with live bait or with worms: and I am furnished with a large knife having a small hammer at the end of it, with which I kill my fish the moment they are out of the water. It may be said that pain is inflicted on a fish the instant the hook strikes its mouth. I do not think that this is the case. It is either resistance, or the sight of an object that alarms them, which occasions a fish to show fear, and not from any actual pain they feel from the hook." And at the conclusion of his directions for trolling—for which by the way he strongly recommends Limerick hooks—he observes—"My readers will perceive that I have said nothing about snap or live bait-fishing, or of setting trimmers for pike. I detest them all, especially the two last, as they are attended with no small degree of cruelty. An angler may enjoy his amusement, and yet inflict very little pain upon the fish he takes or the bait he uses.—As long as he does this sport if an innocent one; but when a live gudgeon has a wire passed under his skin, and is then set afloat to be gored by a pike, which probably remains for hours with hooks in his stomach, swimming about in very pain until it is hauled into a boat, the sport degenerates into an act of wanton cruelty.

VERY COOL.—A "Traveller," who has just published a work on the "Art of Duelling," among other observations on the "Method of Practice," observes, "Do not omit either, if you puncture your adversary when engaged, to carefully free your sword from any moisture, previous to returning it to the scabbard. I had a beautiful toledo considerably damaged by the carelessness of a friend in this respect. During the confusion that necessarily arises upon a principal receiving a coup de cœur, such an accident is very likely to occur." A little further on, under the head "Precautions to be observed," he tells us, "If, upon the discharge, his adversary's ball had taken effect, he must not be alarmed or confused, but quietly submit the part to the examination of his surgeon, who should close around him, with his second, the moment the discharge has taken place. I cannot impress upon an individual too strongly the propriety of remaining perfectly calm and collected when hit; he must not allow himself to be alarmed or confused, but summoning up all his resolution treat the matter cooly; and if he dies, go off with as good grace as possible." We "calculate" this gentleman would find some difficulty in putting his theory into practice.

TO MRS. GIBBS, LATE MISS GRADDON.

On this lady's leaving Louisville, Ky., where she had excited an immense sensation, she was accompanied to the steamboat for the North by a great number of her admirers and friends, one of whom, J. B. MARSHALL, Esq., of the "Daily City Gazette," presented her with the annexed poetical tribute to her talents and accomplishments, as the most eminent vocalist ever heard West of the mountains. It is now originally published.

Lady, I've listened to thy song,
  Till round my heart its tendrils twined,
And all my hope was to prolong
  Each cadence of the 'airy sound.'
Thine eye of beauty, and the power
  Of thy rich voice hath cast a spell
Around me; not of fleeting hour,
  'Gainst which an age could not rebel.

Lady, 'beneath the silent night,'
  I'll often watch the sparkling star
Whose guiding ray as oft shall light
  My memory back to thy 'guitar.'
And, should some lone bird's minstrelsy,
  Like spirit-voice from heavenly sphere,
My bosom cause to 'heave a sigh,'
  Thy voice will then speak in mine ear.

Lady, although we may not meet,
  For months, for years—we may meet never,
Yet, still thy melody so sweet
  Shall linger on my memory ever.
And when the sunset gilds the even,
  In carnadining all the blue,
I'll turn my spirit's gaze to heaven,
  As once I gazed on it with you.

J. B. M.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August, 12, 1836.

WASHINGTON ALSTON.—Our great historical painter, (says the New York Mirror,) Washington Alston, has, within the last two years, finished several compositions of the first class, though not of the largest size. He has now on his easel a truly fine picture from English history—"The Death of King John." Mr. Alston has declined receiving any more orders until he shall have finished his great work of "Belshazzar's Feast," which has so long been anxiously looked for, but its completion suspended, by circumstances unavoidable—now happily removed. We understand from good authority, that the committee appointed by Congress to select artists for filling with national subjects the four pannels of the Rotunda at Washington, (most fortunately left vacant,) have offered two of the four to this most accomplished artist, but he has accepted only one, and that on condition that he may be allowed his own time for commencing it; with the positive assurance on his part that he will not think of it until the long dormant painting shall be completed.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course*. All the *Sweepstakes* now open will close the first of January, 1837.

By reference to the annexed, subscribers will know their nominations, where closed—and have an opportunity of naming or changing such as are still open to the 1st of January. Any gentleman wishing to make a nomination to any stake marked "*open*" on the list, will please address the undersigned before the 1st of January, 1837.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Jamaica, New York.

SPRING, 1837.

Match, mile heats, two weeks before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ——, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names produce, a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names produce, a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names produce "Cornelia," by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; 4 or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton.
2. J. C. Stevens.
3. Robert Tillotson.
4. Robt. L. Stevens.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, four or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Wade Hampton names full sister to Trifle
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

FALL, 1837.

First Meeting, Fall, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Fall, 1837, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, to close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100; to close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.

OPEN.

Spring, 1838.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon

Produce Sweepstakes for Spring, 1838, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit 250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley.
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1839.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones and Mr. J. C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Romp.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of Medoc's dam, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, out of Polly Hopkins, by Emilius.

Match, mile heats, between the produce of the dam of Ariel, by Gohanna, belonging to Mr Hamlin, and the produce of the dam of Post Boy, by Barefoot, of Mr. S. Neale; First meeting, 1839.

Match, Second meeting, 1839, mile heats, between the colts of Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens.

Produce Sweepstakes, mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Second in the race of receive back stakes: 4 or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, 1839 Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

FALL, 1839.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, First meeting, Fall, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

SPRING, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, Second meeting, 1840. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. The second in last heat to receive back stakes, unless one should win a heat and not be distanced. Ten or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of ————————.
4. J. M. Selden names produce of ————————
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of ————————.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of ————————.
7. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Barefoot.
8. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Tonson.
9. Also produce of Jemima and Barefoot.
10. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank and Barefoot.

FALL, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stakes, Two mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. Four or more to make race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

The above is correctly copied from the Secretary's book, this 12th day of November, 1836.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

LEVIATHAN, LAPDOG, GLENCOE, AND St. GILES.

JAMES JACKSON & Co.'s Imported Stallions will Stand at the following places and prices for the sext season, of 1837.

Imported Leviathan, at the stable of Col. GEO. ELLIOTT, Gallatin, Tenn. at $100.
" *Lapdog* will also stand at the same stable, $50.
" *Glencoe*, at the stable of JAMES JACKSON, Florence, Ala., $100.
" *St. Giles*, for the ensuing season, will be withdrawn. [n19.]

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz.:—

John Richards,
Valentine, (Imported),
Flying Dutchman,
Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at Gen. John Falkner's, Gerrard County, Kentucky. Priam is in Preble County, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Applications may be made to S. BADGER, (Ex. to the estate of Bela Badger,) Philadelphia, Pa., or to JOSEPH H. HELLINGS, Lexington, Ky.

Nov. 7, 1836. [n12-6t.]

ZINGANEE, IVANHOE, AND HANSLAP.

THE Subscriber is desirous of farming out, for one year or more, the following celebrated racing stallions, so well known on the turf as the winners of never fading laurels:—

Zinganee is a deep bay, 9 years old, by Sir Archie, dam by Imp. Chance; black mane and tail, five feet three inches high, and in fine condition.

Hanslap is a rich bay, five feet seven inches high, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie; one of the fleetest and stoutest race nags on the turf; now 7 years old.

Ivanhoe, a fine bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 13 years old, is own brother to Polly Hopkins, and a sure foal getter.

All three are from the best racing families, and "their connexions (on the turf,) are of the highest respectability." Application must be made before the 10th Jan. next, to

Nov. 5, 1836. JAMES S. GARRISON, Norfolk, Virginia.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to

JOHN HOLMES.
Murfreesboro', Tenn.

o15.

MARGRAVE, winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger in 1832.

THIS most celebrated English Racer, the best in the Kingdom of his age, for two years, has just arrived in Tennessee, from Virginia, where he made one season. Margrave was the best colt of his year, having won the great St. Leger, 73 subscribers; the Criterion Stakes, 36 subscribers; the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, 15 subscribers; the Gascoigne Stakes, 11 subscribers, and other races, running against the best horses, at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, and the most fashionable courses. He won the St. Leger, and was able also to win the Derby, it is now known beyond a doubt, and no other horse has been able to win both these great stakes for the last 35 years. The English Sportsmen considered Margrave a racer of almost unequalled excellence, and place him in the same rank with Priam, Sultan, Flying Childers, &c. &c.

Margrave, when taken from the Turf, was farmed by that most judicious and successful breeder, Mr. Watt, who bred Lottery and Memnon, to serve his stud, and his colts are said to be very superior. After making two seasons there, he was purchased and imported into Virginia in the Fall of 1835. He has proved himself a sure foal-getter.

Margrave was got by Muley, sire of Vespa, (winner of the Oaks,) Muley Moloch, Leviathan, and other good runners at all distances—his dam was got by Election, winner of the Derby, and a capital 4 mile horse, and a favorite stallion—his grandam, Fair Helen, by Hamiltonian, the best racer of his day, and a very distinguished stallion, out of Helen, by Delpini—Rosalind by Phenomenon—Atalanta by Matchem—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko—Traveller—Miss Makeless—Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dickey Picason—Burton's Barb Mare. A rich, fashionable, and stout pedigree, and Margrave always run an honest and game horse while on the Turf.

Margrave is a dark chesnut, without white, sixteen hands high, with good action, large bone, great substance, immense power, and good constitution and temper.

He will cover the next season (1837) at Nashville. Terms and other particulars in due time.

THOS. ALDERSON.

Nashville, Dec. 1, 1836. [d17-2t.]

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.

feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

SHAKSPEARE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber has recently opened the splendid new Hotel, erected on the site of Harmony Hall, on the corner of William and Duane streets, which will be conducted on an entire new plan, that he hopes will give satisfaction to his friends and the public generally. He will always keep the best the market affords—such as Birds, Fish, Flesh, &c. The Bar will be furnished with the best of Liquors. Oysters served up in the best style.

Attached to the Hotel is a large and commodious REFECTORY, where meals can be had at all hours at a moment's notice.

The subscriber formerly kept the Park Hall at Boston, and hopes by a strict attention to the comfort of his customers, to merit a share of public patronage.

[d24] AMOS S. ALLEN, Shakspeare Hotel and Refectory.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

SUPERIOR PASTE BLACKING.

JAMES DARCY & CO.'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY, No. 4 Courtland-street, N. York. Where all orders will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

☞ Wholesale purchasers will find it their advantage to call at the Old Establishment.

mar 12

TO PAINTERS AND GUILDERS.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

N. B. Gold, silver, and copper bronzes, of different colors and qualities, at lowest price, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich-street, or No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

WANTED.

CAST OFF CLOTHING, at Michael Levy's 82 1-2 Chatham-street, near Chatham-street chapel. N.B. Please to notice the number. mar 5

BARDOTTE & CARTER.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING ROOM & PERFUMERY WAREHOUSE, No. 146 Broadway, up stairs. mar 5

THOMAS POOL.

BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER MAKER, No. 31 Fulton-street, New-York. Barometers, Thermometers, and Philosophical Apparatus carefully repaired. Glass blown for chemical experiments. mar 5

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister) her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch. f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to

[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

FOR SALE.

A CHESNUT MARE, 7 years old last spring, got by the celebrated race horse Contention, out of the dam of the unequalled Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Hal—she out of a Bedford, and she out of Old Agnes. Stinted to Gohanna last season—very handsome, and has two beautiful colts. Price $1000 for the said mare. Apply to J. B. Kendall, Baltimore.

[n26-4t.] WILLIAM WYNN.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lumen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

FORMERLY CONDUCTED BY Mr. MIOT, Society-street, Charleston, S. C.—DANIEL COOK, the present Proprietor of the above establishment, begs leave to inform its friends and the public generally, that he has connected himself with Mr. S. W. SHELTON, and solicits a continuance of the extensive patronage heretofore received.

This establishment, as is well known, is in every way calculated to render comfort both to the traveller and permanent boarder, and every exertion will be continued on the part of the proprietors, to accommodate those who may favor them with a call.

Mr. S. W. Shelton will give his personal attention to the entire management of the house.

D. COOK.
S. W. SHELTON.

[d17-4t.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c., will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St, corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 206 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PRINCIPAL FLUTE OF THE PARK THEATRE, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.

Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

jy 23.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md.	Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Charleston, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
Columbia, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Jan.
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
New Orleans, La	*Eclipse Course*, First Spring meeting, 2d week in March.
Natchitoches, La.	Grand-Ecore races, 3d Wednesday, 18th Jan.
New York City.	Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
Natchez, Miss.	Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
Tree Hill, Va.	Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Washington City.	National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the *Columbus*, from Liverpool, we have received papers to the 20th ult., but owing to the late hour of her arrival, we are unable to present to our readers more than a brief notice of the events which are particularly interesting. The packet brings the news of the death of Charles X., on the 12th Nov., aged 73. The nephew of the Duke of Angouleme was proclaimed King of France by the family.

Mr. Green, the æronaut, accompanied by two gentlemen, made an ascent from Vauxhall Gardens lately, and descended near Coblentz, having travelled nearly 600 miles in 17 hours, crossing the British Channel to Germany.

M. Malibran, former husband of the late vocalist, died at Paris, Nov. 12, aged 54.

Mr. Forrest and *The Siege of Corinth* together, have drawn about 450*l.* a-night during the last week at Drury Lane theatre.

☞ Several articles intended for this paper have been unavoidably crowded out. Our Correspondents must have patience.

Summary.

Wines at Crockford's.—That the wines are of the choicest sort, and that there is enough to suit every diversity of taste, will at once be inferred from the fact, that the cellar out of which the house is supplied, and which is kept by Crockford's son, contains a stock which is valued at 70,000*l.* "There's a cellar for you!"—any of the Irish Members of Parliament would exclaim. I lately went through the whole of it. It begins under Willis's Rooms, St. James's-st., and extends as far back as Braham's new Theatre. It measures 285 feet in length. When I was in it Mr. Crockford, junior, mentioned to me, that the number of bottles of wine, which I saw shelved before me, independently of innumerable pipes was 300,000! I thought of Lord Holland's story about the American who, after he had made his friends drink an incredible quantity of wine, took them to see the heap of black bottles they had emptied. His Lordship says they were all surprised to see such a quantity of bottles under any circumstances—but especially when they recollected that they had themselves emptied them all: what would they have thought had they been taken to Crockford's cellar, and seen, as I did, 300,000 bottles at once? Poor Sheridan would have been in ecstasies with the sight, especially as they were all full. The Great Metropolis.

Mr. Cobbett on the Last Day of his Life.—After a while the doctor, seeing that life would soon close, began very cautiously, and in a manner that to Mr. Cobbett seemed rather affected, to inquire whether he wished to draw up any "Testamentary document," observing that if he did, "you may as well do it *now* as at *any other time*. Not," continued he, "that there is any *dainja*—." To which Mr. Cobbett immediately replied, "I have done every thing that is necessary in that respect, and Mr. Fielden knows all about it." Before the doctor had quitted the room, Mr. Cobbett happened to hear him cough, and not being disinclined to a little sarcastic jocularity, spoke to him with much apparent gravity, and in the same affected drawl, saying—"Doctor, do you take anything for that cough?" "No, sir," replied Esculapius. "Then," continued Mr. Cobbett, "I think that you should;" and looking very archly, he added, "Not that I think there is any *dainja*." The doctor looked rather blank at this humorous sally; and as he was leaving the bed-side, Mr. Cobbett added with one of his arch and laughing winks of the eye—"There, take that, my buck!"

A correspondent informs us of the following circumstance:—On Monday last a poor woman of Chudleigh gave birth to a still-born child, and was attended by a nurse of the same place, who suggested to the mother to bury the child in the garden, and hinted that it, the child, would be worth a guinea—which suggestions the mother spurned with disgust. A shell was procured and the child was, to all appearance, buried in the usual way. On the Wednesday following the nurse was called away to attend on another person, when the mother, on turning over some dirty clothes, to her great horror, discovered her child wrapped in the same clothes she had seen it wear in the shell. She immediately caused the shell to be dug up, which was found full of bran. The nurse, among other improbable stories, asserts that it must have fallen out of the shell.

Training of a French Musician.—There is a French musical institute, called the Conservatoire, for educating musicians. It gives an annual prize to pupils who have reached a certain degree of proficiency. The gainer becomes entitled to a pension of one thousand crowns a year, with which he goes to Italy, where he remains two years, then passes a year in Germany, and receives the two last years of his pension in France. The money bestowed in this manner is said, however, to be little better than thrown away, no eminent composer having been produced by this method.

A Quiet Tenant.—"Talk of your German Universities," said the little old man—"pooh, pooh, there's romance enough at home without going half a mile for it, only people never think of it." I never thought of the romance of this particular subject before, certainly, said Mr. Pickwick. "To be sure you didn't," said the little old man, "of course not. As a friend of mine used to say to me, 'What is there in chambers in particular?' 'Queer old places,' said I. 'Not at all,' said he. 'Lonely,' said I. 'Not a bit of it,' said he. He died one morning of apoplexy as he was going to open his outer door. Fell with his head in his own letter box, and there he lay for eighteen months. Everybody thought he'd gone out of town.' 'And how was he found at last?' inquired Mr. Pickwick. 'The benchers determined to break his door open as he hadn't paid any rent for two years. So they did. Forced the lock, and a very dusty skeleton in a blue coat, black knee shorts, and silks, fell forward in the arms of the porter who opened the door. 'Queer, that. Rather, perhaps; rather, eh?' And the little old man put his head more on one side, and rubbed his hands with unspeakable glee. The Pickwick Papers.

Ludicrous Scene at Windsor.—On Saturday last a singular scene occurred opposite the Market-place, at Windsor, at which, being market day, there was no lack of spectators. In the afternoon a brিska, with servants and postillions in green and gold liveries, stopped at the principal silk mercer's there, and a shop man came forth to attend. After some time the attention of the passers by was attracted by the loud voice and angry gesticulations of a most singular-looking and very old lady in the carriage, who was abusing the shopman in the coarsest manner. The cause, of course, remains a mystery; nothing but her harsh and gross epithets being intelligible. The other occupant of the carriage, a young lady in deep mourning, then interposed to prevent the shopman from resenting it; but his forbearance was rewarded by the old person hitting him on the face with the parcel he had sold her; and the carriage drove off with one lady in a fury and the other in tears, amidst the laughter of the crowd. No further explanation could be elicited by our reporter; but as the liveries were recognised to belong to the Hon. Colonel W——, M. P., it is supposed the violent old lady was the Dowager Countess of C——, who is staying with the Hon. Mrs. W——, close to Windsor. This scene, which was witnessed by some of the party staying at the Castle, was reported at dinner there, and caused much amusing speculation. Herald.

A Man Hunt.—On Tuesday morning last the prisoners for trial at Cockermouth were conveyed in a post-coach from Carlisle. They were all ironed, and, it was supposed, securely fastened to the coach. On passing the Raffles toll-gate, however, one of them (John Rush) contrived to slip his feet from the irons, and with great dexterity got down from the coach, and immediately fled across the fields. Mr. Orridge, who was inside, and some of the police-officers, immediately pursued, and after a run of about a mile and a half, Mr. Orridge brought him to earth, and was not long in having him properly secured.

Extraordinary Fish.—Lately the fish-ponds at Wingerworth were drawn off, when a pike was taken in one of them, weighing 25½ lbs., which was presented to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. An immense quantity of fish of every description were caught, including a great number of eels of from 5 lbs. to 10 lbs. weight.

The Marquis of Waterford, accompanied by his brother, Lord John Beresford, arrived at Passage on Saturday morning, in his yacht the Gem. His Lordship spent the summer in the Mediterranean. He made the voyage from Gibraltar to Waterford in the short space of seven days. Among the many curiosities which his Lordship has brought home are three young lions, together with the furs and skins of several animals, collected on the African shores. The lions are very fine; they consume, we understand, a sheep a day.

A man was boasting about his knowledge of the world, when a wag in company asked him if he had ever been in Algebra. "I cannot exactly tell," says he, "but I think I once passed it on the coach."

In a *grand battue* last week, on the preserves of Lord Mostyn, at Pengwern, Flintshire, nearly 500 head of game were killed.

A freeman and a native of Oxford is open to perform the following, viz.:—To play the clarionet, singing, composing Greek, fly-fishing, and ringing, for £50; or, for the like sum, a native of the village of Cowley (Near Oxford) is open to play the clarionet (church music), with one hand, against any other one handed player.

The editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* is an enviable chap. According to his own account, half of the Philadelphia girls are his admirers. He says that he has a host of them, 'among the pretty Susannas and Arabellas and Sophias' of the city—quite a *gal*-axy of beauties.

A Good Story.—There is a little rogue of a mendicant daily making the rounds of the city, and turning a malformation of his hands and feet to profitable account. He is quite a child, is rather interesting, and has hundreds of coppers thrown to him by the thoughtless, to see with what dexterity he can pick them up. One day recently, some one threw him a half dollar. The good fortune was too much for the young rogue's philosophy, he snatched it up, and, without waiting for more ignoble coin, exclaimed with an oath as round as the coin, and twice as heavy, 'now won't mother have a —— of a spree to-night!' Bost. Pearl.

The Ruling Passion, &c.—In one of the hospitals near this city, a noted wit and punster lay at the point of death. His medical attendants were suddenly called upon to administer to the necessities of a man who was severely injured, and indeed died, by a fall into a well. When the case was stated to the dying man, at his request, he looked up, and while a faint smile passed over his features, inquired '*Did he—kick—the bucket?* Boston Pearl.

The Contrast.—A gentleman who married a lackadaisical young lady, was visited soon after by an old friend. The lady after enlarging upon the pleasures of London, had retired for the night, when the old friend exclaimed, 'Why, Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be.' To which the other replied, with a shrug, 'No she has left that off; she is now *ex*-pensive.'

Ready Change—Among the anecdotes of Colonel Burr, in the recent Memoirs of Mr. Davis, is one of his quickness and address in conversation—and of the tact with which he would repair an unintentional incivility. On his return from Europe in 1812, he met a maiden lady in Broadway, whom he had not seen for some time, and who in the interim had advanced very much in years. In passing, she exclaimed to a gentleman with whom she was walking,—'Colonel Burr!" On hearing his name, he suddenly stopped and looked her in the face. "Colonel," said she, "you do not recollect me." "It is Miss K. sir." "What" said he "Miss K. *yet?*" The lady, somewhat piqued, reiterated—"Yes, sir, Miss K. *yet.*" Feeling his error, and not at all embarrased by it, he extracted a compliment even from this accidental *gaucherie*. Taking her hand gently, he remarked with emphasis—"Well, madam, then I venture to assert *that is not the fault of my sex.*"

The Baltimore Transcript perpetrates the following rum' un:—"Joe M'Komkin is well known as a loafer of the greatest magnitude. His orbit is uncertain; and like a meteor, his fiery proboscis is sometimes to be seen in one ward and sometimes in another. Though visible to the naked eye, yet it is not often seen *without a glass*.

☞ Every body connected with the blood-thirsty Militia of New York are scolding and biting their thumbs at one another on account of the succession to the office of Major Generalship, vacated by the death of Gen. Morton. Major Noah has the following article, and a capital one it is, on the subject.

THE MAJOR GENERAL.

Let no man say that ambition is bounded only by sordid limits. Scarcely had the venerable General Morton been summoned to meet his great commander, when a movement took place to secure the succession. General Arcularius, supposed to be the oldest brigadier, issued his general order on that melancholy occasion, and now claims to be appointed to the vacant boots and spurs. We have a great regard for General Arcularius, and always deeply regretted that he gave up baking twists and hot rolls to turn politician, for, certes, he was the very best baker of bread, to his own honor and profit be it spoken, that this city ever knew. None of your Diodorus Doughheads, as Cheetham would say profanely, but your sound, crisped, well crusted bread of the purest flour, such as we don't get now-a-days. A whole community suffers when such a man deserts the bread trough for the truncheon. However, he did turn politician, and belonged to what was vulgarly termed the frog-town party of the fifth ward; *the* party at Albany made him Commissary General, in which capacity he rendered immortal service in the attack on the Arsenal in 1834, led on by the "*man in the claret colored coat*," and actually wrote the admired report of that bloody affair, in which "my son George and Cornelius the carpenter" were commendably noticed.—Now, there is a legal difficulty in this Major Generalship, which must be adjusted according to the Revised Statutes;—General Arcularius certainly was a General before he was elected Commissary General—and being elected Commissary General with the title of Brigadier General—receiving salary as such, and being in actual service in the great State of New York; if appointed Major General to fill General Morton's place, he will then be a Major-General, a Brigadier General, and a Commissary General—a Commander of Division, a Commander of Brigade, and a General in the Staff of the great State of New-York aforesaid—a military *tria juncta in uno*—an *imperium in imperio*. As Major General, he would have authority to order the Commissary General to supply the Brigadier General with ammunition to fire off the big guns on the fourth of July; and if the Commissary General should die in office, there would be no Major General to issue a general order, and no Brigadier General to carry the general order into effect. The whole affair is too *confusled*, as they say in Arkansas, and is inconsistent with the simplicity of a republican form of Government, as Governor Marcy would say; besides, in a political point of view, *the* party cannot afford to give three offices to one man; there are too many candidates these hard times—men with a wife and nine children and one at the breast.

General Arcularius has a snug birth—a comfortable domicil—a decent salary, and plenty of yard room for exercise, the muskets and canon are in prime order, and the public interest may suffer by distracting his attention between two or three offices. We are entitled to that vacancy ourselves, and nothing but the costly nature of the service, and belonging to the peaceable Whig party, prevent our putting in claims; as it is, however, we think General Sandford would do most to keep the Division united, and is next in rank, which, with us, is a cardinal point.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares the ensuing season at $60, and $1 for the groom—pedigree and performances hereafter.

Dec. 28, 1836. [d31] JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two mile heats, entrance $300, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to star for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26–moj.] JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary

THE KENDALL COURSE RACES

WILL hereafter take place on the 3d week of May and October, instead of the 4th, as heretofore.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.

1. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, now 5 subscribers; to name and close the 1st March next.

2. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock, to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March next.

3. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then three years old, to run Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; now 12 subscribers; to name and close 1st January next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd enters produce of Priam, out of Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White enters produce of Maid of Athens and Goliah.
3. Jas. B Kendall enters produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
4. Geo. Symms enters produce of Jemima Wilkinson and Monsieur Tonson.
5. Col. John Heth enters produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. Col. Jas. M. Seldon enters produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Thos. Pearsall enters produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. Wm. Bosley has not named.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson, not named.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin, not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn enters produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margeaux.
12. Also produce of Isabella and Eclipse.

In addition to the above, there are eight or ten more promised. Should this meet their eye, I hope it will put them in mind to make their entries in time. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, can do so, by addressing a letter to the subscriber, at Baltimore.

[n19–4w.] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

James Jackson & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836 Sept. 10.

NORTH ALABAMA SWEEPSTAKES.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1836, over the *North Alabama Race Course*, at Huntsville, on Monday of the Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1838, one mile out; colts to carry 75lb., fillies allowed 2lb. Sub. $150, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club, at Huntsville, on, or before 1st of January, 1837. Four or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman | 2. John Blevins.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1836, over the North Alabama Race Course, at Huntsville, on Tuesday of Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1839, Two mile heats; colts to carry 90lb., fillies and geldings allowed 3lb. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club at Huntsville, on or before 1st January, 1837. Five or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman names ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Delight. by Reveller.

2. James Jackson 3. Samuel Ragland. 4. Wm. H. Gee. 5. John Blevins.

Huntsville, Nov. 10, 1836. [d3]

THE RAGLAND STAKES, FLORENCE, Ala.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in Spring, 1836, over the *Florence* (Ala.) *Course*, Mile heats, on first Wednesday in May 1839. Sub. $100, h. ft.. And to run the same colts and fillies, over the same Course, on Monday preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, $200 sub. h. ft. To be governed by the Rules of said Jockey Club. Four or more to make a race. Now closed.

1. Samuel Ragland names b f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Eliza Jones, by Timoleon.
2. James Jackson names ch f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade
3. Nicholas Davies names b c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles.
4. E. H. Boardman names ch c by Actæon, out of Imp. Design, by Tramp.
5. E. H. Boardman names ch c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell, by Sir Archy.
6. H. B. Turner names the get of Whalebone, out of Betsey Baker, by Timoleon.
7. Nath. Terry enters the produce of Clear the Kitchen, by Imp. Leviathan.
8. W. H. Gee enters br f by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette, by Sir Hal.
9. John Blevins enters ch f by Wild Bill, out of Lady Huntsville, Sister to J. Bascomb.
10. Geo. Mason enters ch c by Malcomb, dam by Carolinian.
11. A. Whitlock enters the get of Imp Luzborough, out of Virginina, by Cripple.
12. John Connally names b f by Editor, out of Molly Long, by Stockholder.
13. W. H Gee enters b f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kate Kensia, by Contention.
14. Jas. Kirkman names b c by Emilius, out of Eliza, by Rubens. [d3]

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, in the Fall of 1837, preceding the Jockey Club Fall Races, with colts and fillies then two years old, the Spring preceding, One mile out, $100 entrance, p.p., agreeable to rules. To name and close by the 1st Jan. 1837.

1. John C. Beasley | 3. T. A. Pankey
2. Stokeley Donelson | 4. A. B. Newsam
5. Wm. H. Gee.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, on the first Monday in May, 1838, with colts and fillies, then three years old. Sub. $200, h. ft. Mile heats, agreeable to present rules of said Course. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Robt. L. Weakly enters Anacroras colt, by Pacific.
2. G. W. Williams enters gr c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana.
3. Stokeley Donelson. | 5. A. B. Newsam. | 7. T. A. Pankey.
4. A. J. Donelson. | 6. John C. Beasley. | 8. L. B. Cheatham.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, on the first Tuesday in May, 1839, with colts and fillies, then three years old. Mile heats, $200 entrance, h. ft., agreeable to the present rules of said Course. To name and close by 1st January, 1837.

1. John C. Beasley. | 3. T. A. Pankey. | 5. James Jackson.
2. Stokeley Donelson. | 4. Wm. H. Gee. | 6. L. P. Cheatham.
7. Arnold Russell. [d3]

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN, S. C.

THE following Sweepstakes to be run over this Course, and open until the 1st Feb. next. Entries to be made with the Secretary.

1st. On the day preceding the races in 1837, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats, to which there are 4 subs.

2d. On the day preceding the races in 1838, for three year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 subs.

3d. On the day preceding the races in 1839, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats; 5 subs.

4th. On the day preceding the races in 1840, for 3 year old colts and fillies, $300 entrance, Two mile heats; 7 subs.; 3lb. allowed fillies in each race. [d3]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Trustee, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hand high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834 by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1836.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N J. [d24–6m]

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $600, forfeit $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake.

1 J. S. Garrison, | 3 J. P. Corbin, | 5 Willett M'Coun, | 7 G. Irvine,
2 C. W. Morgan, | 4 I. S. Snedecor, | 6 William Jones, | 8 John Heth.

[n5.] WM. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following sweepstakes are open to come off over the *Hunting Park Trotting Course*, Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 1837, viz.:—

1. Sweepstake, Three mile heats under the saddle, sub $1000, h. ft., with $500 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To close by the first of March, 1837.

2. Sweepstake to come off the subsequent day to the race named above, sub. $500, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats, under the saddle, 3 or more to make a race. To close by the 1st of March, 1837.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1836. [d3] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5–4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.